NOTES AND COMMENTS

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What Is a Comet?

THE recent discovery of two comets, one of them visible to the naked eye, has drawn attention to our complete ignorance concerning the nature of these heavenly visitants. Whence do they come, and whither do they go? How are they formed, and of what substances are they composed? Why do some move in parabolic orbits, while others trace an elongated ellipse, returning again and again to the vicinity of the Sun? Why do their "tails" always point away from the Sun, in apparent defiance of the "law of gravitation"? What part, if any, do they play in the drama of nebular and stellar evolution?

Astronomers can ask such questions, but their responses are unconvincing, even to themselves. They do not know what comets are, and—what is quite remarkable—most of them admit that they do not know. One might suggest that every comet performs at least one beneficial office during the course of its wanderings. It disturbs the self-esteem of astronomers, calling to life a little humility where this is greatly needed.

Some Echoes of Occult Astronomy

If scientists would condescend to accept as working hypotheses some of the hints given out by students of the occult sciences, they might be surprised by the fortunate results. For example, there are various references to comets in *The Secret Doctrine* and elsewhere. Doubtless, very few are ready to admit that an occultist may know more about comets than a modern professor of astronomy. One can only repeat the tradition, that Adepts of the Mysteries have studied the heavens for thousands, if not millions, of years, and that during this period an immense amount of information has been accumulated. "No vision of one Adept was accepted till it was checked and confirmed by the visions—so obtained as to stand as independent evidence—of other Adepts, and by centuries of experience" (*The Secret Doctrine*, ed. 1893, I. 294).

They have steadfastly observed the heavens, with or without telescopes and spectroscopes. It is recorded that their powers of observation, the instruments of their vision, have penetrated to strata or planes of substance which are unknown and invisible to the ordinary undeveloped man of our race. Adepts are "men who have developed and perfected their physical, mental, psychic and spiritual organizations, to the utmost possible degree". Thus a distant nebula may appear to them as close at hand as "daisies in a near-by field".

The following excerpts suggest the outline of an occult cometary hypothesis:

All hypotheses to the contrary notwithstanding, cometary matter does not appear to possess even the common law of adhesion or of chemical affinity. . . . The essence of cometary matter must be—and the "Adepts" say is—*totally different from any of the chemical or physical characteristics with which the greatest chemists and physicists of the earth are familiar.* . . . It is to be feared that before the real nature of the elder progeny of Mulaprakriti is detected, Mr. Crookes will have to discover matter of the *fifth* or *extra*-radiant state, *et seq.* (*Five Years of Theosophy*, p. 155).

[Cometary matter] is homogeneous in its primitive form beyond the Solar Systems, and differentiates entirely once it crosses the boundaries of our Earth's region; vitiated by the atmospheres of the planets and the already compound matter of the interplanetary stuff, it is heterogeneous only in our manifested world (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 127).

The sun is older than any of its planets—though younger than the moon. . . . [The planets] were not suns in our, or their present solar system, but comets in space. All began life as wanderers over the face of the infinite Kosmos. They detached themselves from the common storehouse of already prepared material, the Milky Way (which is nothing more or less than the quite developed world-stuff, all the rest in space being the crude material, as yet invisible to us); then starting on their long journey they first settled in life where conditions were prepared for them by Fohat, and gradually became suns. Then each sun, when its Pralaya arrived, was resolved into millions and millions of fragments. Each of these fragments moved to and fro in space collecting fresh material, as it rolled on like an avalanche, until it came to a stop through the laws of attraction and repulsion, and became a planet in our own, as in other systems beyond our telescopes. The sun's fragments will become just such planets after the solar pralaya. It was a comet once upon a time, in the beginning of Brahmâ's Age. Then it came to its present position, whence it will burst asunder, and its atoms will be whirled into space for æons and æons, like all other comets and meteors, until each, guided by Karma, is caught in the vortex of the two forces, and fixed in some higher and better system. Thus the Sun will live in his children as a portion of the parents lives in their offspring (*Transactions of the Blavatsky Lodge*, pp. 145-146).

The Esoteric Doctrine . . . "recognizes the comets as forms of cosmic existence coordinated with earlier stages of nebular evolution"; and it actually assigns *to them chiefly* the formation of all worlds (*The Secret Doctrine*, I, 656).

The assertion that all the worlds (stars, planets, etc.)—as soon as a nucleus of primordial substance, in the laya (undifferentiated) state, is informed by the freed principles of a just *deceased* sidereal body—become first comets, and then suns, to cool down to inhabitable worlds, is a teaching as old as the Rishis. . . . What does Science know of comets, their genesis, growth, and ultimate behaviour? Nothing—absolutely nothing! And what is there so impossible in that a laya-centre—a lump of cosmic protoplasm, homogeneous and latent—when suddenly animated or fired up, should rush from its bed in space, and whirl throughout the abysmal depths, in order to strengthen its homogeneous organism by an accumulation and addition of differentiated elements? And why should not such a comet settle in life, live, and become an inhabited globe? . . . We must remember, moreover, that the law of analogy holds good for the worlds, as it

does for man; and that as "*The One (Deity) becomes Two (Deva or Angel), and Two becomes Three (or Man)*", etc., so we are taught that the Curds (World-Stuff) become Wanderers (Comets); these become stars; and the stars (the centres of vortices), *our sun and planets*—to put it briefly. This cannot be so very *unscientific*, since Descartes also thought that "the planets rotate on their axes, because they were once lucid stars, the centres of vortices" (*ibid.* I, 224-227).

The Law of Analogy

As has been said, occult science is based upon the presumption, tested countless times and always found to be true, that the "law of analogy holds good for the worlds," for all worlds, great and small. The growth of a plant from the seed obeys the same fundamental laws as the growth of a solar system or the growth of the spiritual man. Thus death and rebirth follow the lines of corresponding processes in macrocosm and microcosm. One can trace a similar separation of the higher from the lower principles after death, a similar reintegration of the higher and the lower marking the beginning of a new life-cycle, a new period of exfoliation.

In the ancient symbology, the Sun often stands for the Father in Heaven, the Master, the Higher Self which assimilates the spiritual harvest of each life, drawing into its essence all those elements of personal consciousness which aspire towards it and which faithfully reflect its attributes. On the other hand, the Moon has from time immemorial represented the unregenerate portion of the personal man, that part of the human nature which has not been transmuted into the likeness of the Sun and which lingers behind after death as a spectre in hell or limbo. Thus the Moon has been called the Mother of man, as the Sun has been called the Father, for the incarnated human entity is a blending of the solar essence, which includes the pure self-consciousness acquired in past lives, with the lunar "elementals", the *skandhas*, the accumulated Karma, the "unfinished business" of other incarnations. From the Sun come light and inspiration and spiritual force; from the Moon come the normal forms of personal life as well as the passions and delusions which retard and impede the natural growth of the real man—passions and delusions, however, which, when transmuted, become essential parts of his complete manhood.

These venerable symbols are based upon the testimony of occult astronomy, that each inhabited globe is formed, as it were, of a nucleus of cometary or solar substance, under the impulsion of the life-elements and energies transmitted to it from a dead planet, that is, from a Moon. The salvation of the new planet, as of each of its inhabitants, depends upon the transformation of this lunar stuff into progressively higher states, culminating in its complete identity with the substance of the nucleus, the "real form of the earth". To what stage in human life does the cometary phase in the cosmic drama correspond? Perhaps the famous Kabalist, Éliphas Lévi, suggested the truth when he compared Lucifer to a comet—"the Lucifer of the Kabalah, not the accursed and stricken angel, but the Logos, the Principle of Reason in Nature and Man, the Force which struggles against death to conquer life, which accepts the pain of existence to attain freedom." It is as if the birth of a comet

in the great deep of space signifies some divine sacrifice of cosmic magnitude which makes possible the resurrection of a world, as the sacrifice of the higher to the lower is the final cause of all growth in every degree and department of Nature.

A New Cosmic Force in Atoms

Science studies matter and its modes of motion. For all its practical purposes it is unconcerned with the causes of motion, with the reason *why* one mode of motion can be transformed into another. It is sufficient for the engineer to know *how* heat can be converted into mechanical energy, *how* a magnet can induce an electric current. But as scientific research extends into the zone of invisible entities, like electricity and "radio-waves", the physicist is obliged to postulate the existence of atoms, positrons, electrons, neutrons, etc., all of which are as "metaphysical", in one sense, as the most abstract forms and categories of mediæval scholasticism. This is legitimate, of course, for the physicist is merely trying to formulate an intelligible exposition of certain obscure electro-magnetic processes,—an exposition which may enable him to dominate and control them. Illusion begins when what are actually mental forms are mistaken for objective realities. Every mortal man falls into this error whenever he imagines that his true Self is his personality,—which is, in essence, merely a subjective form, an indispensable agency in the production of Self-consciousness, but incapable of real being in a real world. The difficulties of the modern physicist seem to have their origin in a delusion of the same order as that which inaugurated the fall of man. He tends to assume that the "atoms" which he fashions in his mind are veritable paradigms or noumena of the atoms which exist in Nature. It would seem that the confusion and the contradictions of modern physical theory are almost wholly due to the effort to make the Universe fit the pattern which a group of brilliant but over-specialized mathematical physicists have designed for it. They formulate the "laws of nature", and are surprised, if not shocked, by the repeated discovery that no law can be devised which is sufficiently comprehensive to be universally applicable. Nature constantly overflows the moulds in which science is trying to compress it.

For instance, there is Coulomb's law, that similarly charged electrical particles repel each other with a certain definite force, depending upon the distance between them. This law has proved so useful in electrical engineering that its universality has been virtually unquestioned. But it has become evident that another law must be operative in the interior of the atom, if—as the physicists insist—the hearts of the heavier atoms are composed of several particles which are similarly charged but which do not fly apart. To explain this anomaly, it has been necessary to postulate the existence of a new force. We quote from an article in the *New York Times*, May 2, 1936, reporting some recent experiments in this field.

> Discovery of the existence within the hearts of atoms of a hitherto unknown force forty times greater than electricity, in fact the very force which holds the universe to-

gether and without which it would evaporate into a cloud of hydrogen gas, was reported before the American Physical Society by physicists of the Carnegie Institute of Washington. . . . Protons [are] fundamental units of matter which carry a positive electric charge, a single proton constituting the heart of an ordinary hydrogen atom. Protons, being positively charged electrical particles, behave in accordance with Coulomb's law. But the universality and inexorableness of the Coulomb law created for scientists an intricate puzzle in their study of the nucleus of the atom. For the hearts of the elements heavier than hydrogen are known to contain more than one proton, and such protons, according to the law of "like repels like", should not be held within the atoms in the tight embrace they are known to exist in. In fact, if the Coulomb law were applicable to the realm of the atom, no atom heavier than hydrogen could exist. For this reason, Werner Heisenberg, father of the famous "uncertainty principle", theoretically postulates the existence of a force within the atom which is greater than the repelling force between the protons and which is responsible for holding the universe together. More recently, American physicists . . . found the strength of this nuclear force which Dr. Bethe of Cornell University determined to be forty times the repelling force of similar electric charges for each other. . . . The new atomic force, for which no name yet exists, seems to serve the sole purpose of providing the cohesive force in the universe. Unlike electricity, which has both attractive and repelling powers, this "universal binder" is a "one-way force", having only attractive powers. It seems to be for the atom what gravitation is to the universe at large. But whereas gravitation is inversely proportional to the square of the distance between two bodies, this new nuclear force is proportional to the seventh power of the distance, so that it has a very small range indeed to exert its influence on.

The Noumenon and the Phenomenon

As a matter of fact, this force has a well-known name,—well-known, that is, to simple-minded folk who are neither scientists nor professors. It is called the force of cohesion, and it has been recognized, if not measured, ever since the beginning of history. It is not necessary to look within the hearts of atoms to find it. As the writer suggests above, gravitation illustrates one mode of its action. But it is particularly evident in all the manifestations of life. What else holds together the parts of an organism so as to constitute a living whole? What is the binding power of human social life? What unifies the scattered elements of a human entity, forming a self or at least the semblance of a self?

The modern scientist concentrates his powers, with admirable one-pointedness, upon things which he thinks of as existing outside himself, but there is one subject which he never studies, and that is himself, the states of his own consciousness. However, according to the occult principle of analogies, one can only know the real laws of the Universe in so far as he knows man, for man is "the mirror of the Universe". It is the tradition that the true occultist dominates the forces of the Cosmos because he completely understands the causes and modes of their action within the compass of his own individual being. If we accept the fundamental theosophical postulate of the essential oneness of Nature and man, we shall expect to find similitudes between all the processes and agencies which generate energy. We may formulate, or rather re-formulate a simple law: if all the *phenomena* of the Universe correspond to one another, the *noumena* of these phenomena will correspond also.

Conscious Causes

What is a noumenon? As Kant defined it, it is the reality, the thing-in-itself, the essence and cause of the phenomenon which is apprehended by our physical senses. It is the Platonic Idea, the Soul, the reflected form of which is a body, an object of physical perception. But a noumenon is not a figment of the philosophers, a metaphysical abstraction, like the mathematicians' concept of the atom. It can be *felt* as an invisible presence behind every material or psychic apparition. Its being is tacitly admitted even by the materialist, whenever he experiences friendship, whenever he observes another person with the least sympathy or kindness. A friend is not the more or less presentable physical organism which is all that our bodily eyes can see. He is the noumenon, the soul, the "conscious cause" animating the phenomenon before us.

The Secret Doctrine constantly emphasizes this basic tenet, that no phenomenon can exist apart from some noumenal prototype. Wherever there is matter or form in Nature, there must be force or motion, and, completing the "trinity," there must be the "idea" and the "will" to manifest it, the conscious cause, which force and form make visible. As Locke said, "Cause is a substance exerting its power in act." It is the theosophical teaching that, in this deepest sense, Cause is inseparable from Consciousness: indeed, every noumenon is a conscious cause. It is not easy for the modern mind to grasp this conception, for we habitually limit consciousness to the little sphere of the human personality, which is all that most of us know of consciousness by direct experience. It is almost with reluctance that biologists and psychologists concede the presence of some sort of consciousness in the higher animals. Nevertheless, it is virtually an occult dogma, that there is not one point in space which is or can be devoid of consciousness of one kind or another. This applies not only to the kingdoms of physical nature, from the mineral to man: it points to the hidden reality of worlds and forces and beings beyond our present perception and comprehension. Gods and demons, angels and elementals, hierarchies and orders of conscious entities in all the possible stages of physical, psychic, spiritual and divine evolution, follow the cycles of their existence in this greater Nature which Theosophy reveals to all who sincerely seek a solution of the "Riddle of the Universe".

The following quotations from Volume I of *The Secret Doctrine* open our vision upon some of these cosmic vistas:

> Matter, to the Occultist, it must be remembered, is that totality of existences in the Kosmos, which falls within any of the planes of possible perception. We are but too well aware that the orthodox theories of sound, heat and light, are against the Occult Doctrines. But it is not enough for the men of Science, or their defenders, to say that they do not deny dynamic power to light and heat. . . . If they would fathom the ultimate nature of these Forces, they have first to admit their *substantial* nature, however *supersensuous* that nature may be. Neither do the Occultists deny the correctness of the vibratory theory. Only they limit its functions to our Earth—declaring its inadequacy on other planes than ours, since Masters in the Occult Sciences perceive the Causes that produce ethereal vibrations (p. 560). . . . Science . . . merely traces the sequence of phenomena on a plane of effects, illusory projections from the region that Occultism has

long since penetrated. And the latter maintains that those etheric tremors are not set up, as asserted by Science, by the vibrations of the molecules of known bodies, the Matter of our terrestrial objective consciousness, but that we must seek for the ultimate Causes of light, heat, etc., in Matter existing in supersensuous states—states, however, as fully objective to the spiritual eye of man, as a horse or a tree is to the ordinary mortal. Light and heat are the ghost or shadow of Matter in motion. . . . Thus we put forward the Occult teaching which maintains the reality of a supersubstantial and supersensible essence of that Akasha—not Ether, which is only an aspect of the latter—the nature of which cannot be inferred from its remoter manifestations, its merely phenomenal phalanx of effects, on this terrene plane (p. 561). . . . If it did not look pedantic, an Occultist would even object to electricity being called a fluid—as it is an effect and not a cause. But its Noumenon, he would say, is a Conscious Cause (p. 563). . . . It is on the doctrine of the illusive nature of Matter and the infinite divisibility of the Atom, that the whole Science of Occultism is built. It opens limitless horizons to Substance, informed by the divine breath of its Soul in every possible state of tenuity, states still undreamed of by the most spiritually disposed Chemists and Physicists (p. 566). . . . Nor are they [i. e., the Occultists] so foolish after all, in rejecting even the "gravity" of Modern Science along with other *physical* laws, and in accepting instead *attraction* and *repulsion*. They see, moreover, in these two opposing Forces only the two *aspects* of the Universal Unit, called *Manifesting Mind;* in which aspects, Occultism, through its great Seers, perceives an innumerable Host of operative Beings: cosmic Dhyan Chohans, Entities, whose essence, in its *dual* nature, is the Cause of all terrestrial phenomena. For that essence is con-substantial with the universal Electric Ocean, which is LIFE; and being dual, as said—positive and negative—it is the emanations of that duality that act now on Earth under the name of "modes of motion". . . . It is, as Occultism says, the dual *effects* of that dual essence, which have now been called centripetal and centrifugal forces, now negative and positive poles or polarity, heat and cold, light and darkness, etc. (p. 661).

The Healing Power of Nature

Physicians of the old school still speak with faith of the *vis medicatrix naturae*, "the healing power of Nature". According to an immemorial medical theory, the remedy for every disease is produced within the body, and the doctor's function is to co-operate with the natural therapeutical processes, clearing the channels where they act, strengthening the system against the pain and fever that accompany its effort to throw off the sickness. Modern serotherapy represents an attempt to reinforce the native army of the "antibodies" which the body mobilizes when it is attacked by bacteria or viruses. Serums and antitoxins—if we may believe their apologists—introduce a sort of "foreign legion" upon the battlefield. There is evidence, however, that not infrequently this "foreign legion" may be converted into a force hostile to the patient who enlists it. In other words, the cure may be at least as bad as the disease. It is interesting to note that some physicians to-day prefer to use "self-vaccines", cultures prepared for each patient from his own serum. Thus the individual is no longer forced to absorb the "living stuff" of other individuals or of animals. Also, it becomes evident that human health does not depend upon the vicious practice of subjecting animals to every known kind of infection and to a lingering death.

The *New York Herald Tribune*, June 18, 1936, reports certain remarkable

developments in medical theory concerning the ways in which the *vis medicatrix naturae* works.

Summarizing investigations all over the world in recent years into the mystery of how the body protects itself against disease, Dr. Sanford B. Hooker presented a picture involving electrical forces within the atoms and the configuration of atoms in space as the significant factors which operate, so that the anti-bodies which protect the body are created as the materialization of the mirror-image of the antigen in the disease-producing body. [For example] there are thirty-two types of pneumonia, each caused by a particular kind of antigen or bacteria, for only five of which serums have been developed. Each kind of antigen develops one kind of anti-body and this depends upon its chemical structure and, in particular, on the geometrical configuration of the 50,000 to the million or more atoms that are built into the very complex atomic community. It is the external aspect of these atomic communities that is most potent in the formation of anti-bodies, Dr. Hooker pointed out. The action which the body takes when these disease-producing molecules get into the blood can be likened to an almost magical process in which a criminal, intent on murder, is forced to see his image in the mirror, and almost immediately some material objects in the room transform themselves and take the shape of the criminal in the mirror, but come to life with the powers and purpose of a policeman. The formation of such mirror-images of chemical compounds is a common phenomenon. . . . In this way the destructive antigens are utilized by the body to fix a kind of space configuration mould which is utilized with directions reversed to form protective substances with antagonistic properties. Thus the body is able, with some not understood exceptions, to build up chemical protective mechanisms against any specific invaders.

Astral and Psychic Configurations

It would seem that modern medicine is very close at this point to the so-called astral plane, the zone where the projections or emanations of the noumena or "conscious causes" are said to take form, to become configurations, the original prototypes of physical bodies. However, the explorers of the astral light have also described other configurations reflected in its lower strata. These are, as it were, the inverted reflections of the higher, the emissions and images of physical things which have fallen into corruption. Each of us can find some confirmation of this old astral science by observing the subjective psychic world where he spends most of his life and which may be assumed to correspond to the larger astral world. Our thoughts and emotions and volitions are patently of two kinds. Some are gifts from the spiritual world above, but others are infections from below; and the lower appear as inversions of the higher. Thus human existence is a perpetual struggle between good and evil. Every man is forced each moment to choose whether he will serve a veritable ideal or its debased contrary, for on this plane no virtue can become manifest without evoking the possibility of its perversion. *Demon est Deus Inversus.*

The theory of antigens and anti-bodies outlined above suggests how a process of perversion may be reversed, if it has not gone too far. As good can be mirrored as evil, so the existence of evil can evoke the good which it has distorted. Everyone who is not morally dead knows this evocation in the stirring of conscience. The presence of a corrupting agent, a "Destroyer", on the astral or psychic as on the physical plane, stimulates the entity thus attacked

to call into service the powers, the "Fiery Lives", which preserve its proper life and form.

An Ideal Social Order

When the body resists a disease, its first act, so to speak, is an act of sacrifice. It surrenders part of its vitality and substance to generate a host of antibodies which constitute the physical or molecular basis or vehicle through which the "healing power of Nature" can function. In other words, the body does not cure itself automatically and mechanically; it is cured by the life-stream which flows through it and which may be said to be the current joining it to its noumenon.

An analogous sacrifice must be made by the soul which has been invaded by evil. The mere repetition of some formula, as in Christian Science, is insufficient. There is a profound reason why all religions have enjoined upon their devotees various ascetic practices. The growth and enduring life of the soul depends upon the continued sacrifice of the dearer to the better. The death of the soul, the failure of spiritual life, is the effect of the failure of sacrifice.

Similarly, social disorders may become incurable unless by sacrifice a channel can be kept open between the infected group and the collective soul, or noumenon which overshadows every society, in so far as this has any organic reality. No entity, biological or individual or social, can conceivably exist for itself alone. In the noble language of past centuries, all things have their being "for the greater glory of God". If they sever themselves from God, they perish, for they have no place in Nature.

All the societies of the modern world have been attacked by "antigens". How can the necessary "anti-bodies" be formed which will restore some semblance of health? There is no lack of response to this question. We select at random a typical answer contained in a few sentences from an address at Cornell University by Professor Edwin G. Conklin, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and a distinguished biologist. He outlines "an ideal social order" which he calls "democratic socialism".

> We have before us to-day the strange paradoxes of overproduction and underconsumption, improved transportation and unimproved distribution, vast prosperity and appalling poverty, multiplied occupations and unparalleled unemployment, triumphant medicine and widespread disease, prolonged life and useless and dependent old age, scientific internationalism and economic nationalism, greater armaments and less security, larger social units and less social unity, elimination of the unfit and survival of the fit and protection of the unfit and elimination of the fit. . . . The most fundamental cause of these contrasts is the conflict between altruistic science and acquisitive society. . . . Democratic socialism avoids the extremes of communism, fascism and individualism, yet contains elements of all of these, and as such it conforms to that inexorable biological principle of the necessity of preserving balance between contrasting principles and opposing forces. . . . Democratic socialism is best for the education of the masses. . . . The spirit of science and the method of science must spread to society and government. Scientists must take a more active part in solving social problems.

We do not know what Dr. Conklin means when he describes science as altruistic or when he represents democratic socialism as biologically sound. Sci-

ence, at least in its modern form, is characterized by a singular indifference to the use or abuse of its discoveries. Democratic socialism is a term, a sort of slogan, for which it is quite impossible to find any corresponding actuality in the biological or any other world. All the healthy forms and orders of Nature are organized according to a hierarchical pattern. It would not be hard to defend the thesis that the ideal social order is an hereditary monarchy based upon "divine right", supported by the freely given devotion of a people, and presiding with accepted authority over a hierarchy of classes in which the citizens would be grouped, by a sort of "natural selection", according to their characters and capacities.

It might be argued that the social maladjustments which Dr. Conklin notes are the inevitable consequences of the efforts of the occidental races to establish a democratic-socialistic polity. Communism and fascism are themselves merely normal effects of the French Revolution and the "liberal" movements of the nineteenth century. To add more "democratic socialism" to modern society would be to increase the quantity of the poison which is consuming our system. What is needed is the restoration of religion, the revival of an ideal of spiritual attainment to which political and economic considerations will be subordinated, and for which a sufficient number of individuals will be willing to sacrifice everything which they hold most dear, including life itself. Such a group of individuals would constitute the "anti-bodies" through which the collective soul, the noumenon, of their society could energize. Incidentally, it is well to face the hard fact taught by history, that war may be the only possible regenerator of a nation. When men fight in defence of the heritage of their civilization, they have at least a real employment. It has been suggested that the veritable cause of the widespread economic unemployment to-day is that during the decade before the depression there had been a widespread dearth of spiritual employment, and that what has happened on the physical plane is, therefore, only a reflection of what had already happened on the plane of the soul.

A Divine Rule of Life

What ideal can be imagined that is worthy of man's highest aspiration and to which he can honourably dedicate all the powers of his being? The "greater glory of God". It is most refreshing to find this goal set forth by another scientist who is as eminent as Dr. Conklin. We quote from an address at the University of Chicago by Professor Arthur H. Compton. One may find certain major points of disagreement with the physicist's argument; but the student of Theosophy must be in accord with his fundamental thesis.

> There is reason to believe that we may occupy at present the highest position in the universe with respect to intelligent life. Does it seem, then, too bold to assume that the intelligent Creator, whose existence seems by far the most reasonable basis for accounting for our world, should take an active interest in the welfare of the perhaps uniquely intelligent beings He has created? The remarkable course of evolution, leading, as it has, against tremendous odds, to organisms with the modicum of intelligence that we possess, really seems to point in that direction. . . . We have in our hands the means of con-

trolling to a large extent even the direction of our own evolution. In such attributes as clarity of reason, appreciation of beauty or consideration of our fellows, our remote descendants may be expected to excel us as greatly as we are in advance of the Java ape-man. Considering the many obvious errors that we are making, we may be thankful that we do not yet have complete control. Yet who can fail to respond to the opportunity and challenge that are before us of working with the God of the Universe in carrying through that final stage of making this a suitable world, and ourselves a suitable race for what is perhaps the supreme position of intelligent life in His world? . . . If indeed the creation of intelligent persons is a major objective of the Creator of the Universe, and if, as we have reason to surmise, mankind is now in his highest development in this direction, the opportunity and responsibility of working as God's partners in His great task are almost overwhelming. What nobler ambition can one have than to co-operate with his Maker in bringing about a better world?

A student of Theosophy cannot accept the gratuitous and groundless assumption that the men of this planet are "the perhaps uniquely intelligent beings" in the infinitude of space. If we were the best and only living souls in the Universe, it would be flattery to describe the Creator as "intelligent". According to Theosophy, life and intelligence are co-extensive, potentially if not actually, with the Cosmos. There is no such thing as "dead matter". Thus, regarding evolution always and everywhere as the exfoliation and unfoldment of the divine consciousness latent in every atom, an occultist has said that "the Author of Nature is Nature Itself".

This does not imply that one is not deeply moved and inspired by Dr. Compton's appeal. In truth, there can be no nobler ambition than to co-operate with the Divinity. But let us realize that such collaboration is only possible, in the fullest sense, for the mystic. The Divinity is not likely to help us to invent bigger and better machines, or to improve our markets for capital goods, or to design more playgrounds for the masses. "The Blessed Ones have naught to do with the purgations of matter." Partnership with God implies the transformation of human nature into an ever more perfect image of its noumenon, the divine paradigm which is an undivided part of the Divine Consciousness. It is, indeed, the theosophical teaching that the Divine Consciousness is not limited to a remote and abstract world where only archangels and unimaginable non-human essences can exist. The scriptures of all the world-religions have unanimously affirmed the fact that the Divine Mind, the Logos, is in contact with the mind of humanity, and that the Logos has actually incarnated itself in a few men of supreme genius, the Buddha and the Christ and their brethren, the spiritual vanguard of the race. Theosophy further avers that these men of supreme genius, the Masters of the Great Lodge, are living to-day, ardently desiring to guide us to the summit of attainment where they stand. But they cannot guide us against our will.

The only conceivable solution of the problems which bewilder the western nations is to turn towards the doctrine and example of the Christian Master under whose particular spiritual dominion the vast majority of the men of the West have been born. In so far as we can co-operate with him, we collaborate with the Lodge and the Logos, and begin veritably to live in accord with Nature.

FRAGMENTS

WAIT for the hour to come, do not move until it arrives; but see that you are prepared, and act on its instant approach.
Neither hasten nor linger. Eternity is your medium, not time.

Only brush with your fingers the friable occupations of to-day, put no pressure upon them. But grasp firmly the essence of each hour that passes, and use it for life's divinest ends, the divinest you can see. Thus no opportunity will pass you by, nor will you lose yourself in frivolities.

This is indeed a chêla's hair-line, which demands unbroken attention; but it is fundamental, and essential for inner consolidation as well as for any worthwhile performance. Without it a man sails in a rudderless ship, and, would-be disciple or not, becomes but one more of the countless wrecks upon the shores of endeavour.

Set yourself, therefore, whole-heartedly and with all diligence, to acquire this faculty of selective appreciation, and facility in its swiftly instinctive use.

Memory is our past, that *is* to-day, and *will be* in our future,—one half of our Eternity, which here we know by reflection, but *there* face to face.

CAVÉ.

BIBLICAL AND PYRAMID PROPHECY

THE study of Biblical prophecy, for a long time of interest to only a very few students, has suddenly begun to attract popular attention, and while some of this is directed to interpretations that have been progressively verified—so that they are now buttressed by an astonishing array of facts—much more involves misconceptions which, sooner or later, will have to be corrected.

We shall not attempt to go back to the beginning; indeed there was no beginning, for as long as there has been prophecy there has been the need to interpret it. But in the narrower sense, the systematic study of Biblical prophecy is relatively recent. Through the Dark Ages, knowledge of the Bible was largely confined to Churchmen, and interpretation limited to the orthodox explanations of Catholic theology. Following the Renaissance, however, particularly after the Protestant Reformation, and the translation of the Bible into common speech, independent thinkers began to read and interpret the Scriptures for themselves, and to apply the prophecies to their own times, and the condemnations and anathemas to their own enemies. It was a most natural thing to do, but it laid the foundations for the popular study of the Bible in a narrowness and bitterness of partisanship which have never been wholly outgrown, and which, taken over into the investigation of the Biblical prophecies, have tended to confuse and distort the whole subject. It is not surprising, therefore, that the field seemed unattractive to most scholars, though there were always a few to whom it made a special appeal, these few finding, in the revival of astronomical knowledge, particularly with reference to the calendar, a key that they could use. In astronomy, they began to perceive, was revealed the interplay of recurring cycles and rhythms which are the very basis of what we mean by time, and which, entering into all the phenomena of manifestation, enable the course of the future to be predicted from a knowledge of the past. Not only was astronomy applicable to the Bible prophets' theme; it was indispensable for fixing their theories on a solid intellectual foundation, and the recognition that there was such a foundation, on which they could safely build, proved a great stimulant to interest. Little by little, devoted enthusiasts, some of them giving to it a whole life-time of research, accumulated a mass of information which grew from generation to generation, but which remained largely unco-ordinated until the late Dr. Hartley Grattan Guinness collected and sifted it, publishing the result in 1878, with his own studies and conclusions, under the title, *The Approaching End of the Age*.

Dr. Guinness's work is thorough and painstaking, and he had equipped himself well for his task. But though his qualifications were excellent, they

had nevertheless been acquired in the intolerant and bigoted school of the Protestantism of his day, so that it was impossible for him to avoid identifying Rome with one of the "Beasts" of Daniel's vision, and equally impossible for him to see that he was using important fragments of ancient wisdom long antedating the Jewish, and which applied far more widely than to the Jewish people. The great value of Dr. Guinness's book is its identification of astronomical cycles with the "days" and "weeks" and "times" of the Bible.

He considers, for example, the prophecies made by Gabriel to Daniel, as recorded in the Book of Daniel, with their very precise statements as to the times in which various happenings will take place. Here a "day" is a year, a "time" 360 years, or an Egyptian year of years. "Seven times" are thus 2520 years—a cycle that will be recognized by students of *The Secret Doctrine*. Half of this, 1260 years, which is "forty-two months" of years, are "time, times and a half" (i. e. three and a half "times"). The Bible part of it is thus quite simple. The real trouble comes in with the astronomical part. What is a "year"? There is the solar year of approximately 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 46 seconds; the sidereal year, 365 days, 6 hours, 9 minutes and 9 seconds; the calendar year of 365 days, when it is not leap year; the lunar year of 354 days; also a calendar year of 360 days; not to mention the Julian year. Unfortunately the movements of the heavenly bodies, and the revolutions of earth and moon, are not all exactly commensurate, and what you are to call a year depends upon the point of view you adopt, the small differences between the different kinds of "years" adding up to a considerable amount, when taken over the centuries that separate Daniel's vision from its present-day fulfilment. Then, too, there is the question as to the date from which the given times are to be reckoned. Gabriel was perfectly definite in his statement: "Know therefore and understand that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the Messiah the Prince shall be seven weeks, and three score and two weeks." But when did the commandment go forth to restore and build Jerusalem? The problem is complicated; still, when its various and varying factors have been fixed, it is extraordinary how accurately it works out. And everything points to one conclusion: it is our own time that is the end of the particular age shown to Daniel.

Let us pause for a moment to glance at some of the questions which are involved, not so much in the interpretation of prophecy, as in the very fact and possibility of prophecy. It is a curious contradiction that our age should be so sceptical of the prophecies of the past, when it has such unquestioning confidence in those it makes to-day. In no period in historic times have human activities been more dominated by the belief that it is possible to predict the future, and the consequences of acts. We do not call this prophecy, but "science", or perhaps "planned economy", but it is none the less a belief that foresight, in great detail, is possible, since nature's processes are so orderly that they can be trusted to follow in the future the same cycles of cause and effect, the same rhythm of waxing and waning, they have followed in the past. Yet we tend to limit this belief to the material world, to which we have also limited

our "science". We believe in the tides of the ocean, and have tabulated them for years ahead; but we appear entirely sceptical as to tides in the affairs of men, and the cycles of the spirit. Why is this? Perhaps it is merely an aspect of our general and deep-seated materialism, or perhaps it is an instinctive feeling that to admit the possibility of prophecy regarding human lives, is to posit a fatalism and predetermination that deny the freedom of the will and our responsibility for our own acts and destiny. There may be the same type of difficulty here that many people seem to find in accepting the theosophic principle of Karma. It is not realized that what is predetermined is the operation of certain forces, or tendencies, which have been set in motion, and which, if left to themselves, will inevitably produce certain results or conditions, but which need not be left to themselves, but may be met by opposite forces, which we are free also to set in operation.

Suppose we consider a small scale model of this truth. On Friday of each week our room rent is due, and our landlady is not at all disposed to wait. On the 13th of each month we are visited by the collector, who calls for the instalments we are still paying on our now battered Ford. Each of these "unlucky" days comes around in its regular cycle. They are part of our Karma, and we have to face them. We can "prophesy" with great accuracy the type of unpleasantness, of wars and rumours of wars, which these days will bring, *if* we do not put regularly aside the requisite sums, thus meeting the Karma of self-indulgence by the exercise of self-denial. But more than this, we can prophesy a terrible day, from which it is almost impossible for us to escape scathless, "Friday the 13th", when the two payments fall due together. We can prophesy it, but it is not so easy as one might think to calculate just when it will come. If a month had always thirty days, as a week always has seven, it would be easy, for they would then fall together every 210 days,—which is the same as every seven months or thirty weeks, the period for the coincidence of two cycles being the least common multiple of their separate periods. But some months have thirty-one days, and February has sometimes twenty-eight and sometimes twenty-nine, and this so complicates the calculation that personally we abandon it and consult the calendar. In 1936 there are two such objects of prophecy, March 13th and November 13th; in 1937 there is but one, the 13th of August.

This illustrates both the simplicity and the complexity of cyclic law, and the way in which lesser cycles interweave to make up the greater. The cycle of 2520 years which we have already mentioned, the seven "times" of 360 years each, is the least common multiple of the first ten digits; that is to say that if there had been ten Wandering Jews instead of one, and they had all started out together from Jerusalem to wander round the world, the first making the circuit in one year, the second in two years, the third in three and so on, the first two would meet again in Jerusalem each two years, they would be joined by the third each sixth year, but it would be 2520 years before all ten would be again together.

It is this cycle of 2520 years which is now running out, according to the

calculations of the experts in Biblical prophecy. Heavenly bodies, centres and symbols of inner forces, are approaching again the configuration they had twenty-five centuries ago, closing a cyclic period and gathering in its harvest of good or ill,—the end of one age, the beginning of a new.

This conclusion of the Biblical students finds independent support from researches of an utterly different kind, carried out in relation to the Great Pyramid. Pyramid surveys, as is now well known, show remarkable mathematical and astronomical relations between its different dimensions, and in its orientation and the angles of its slopes. More than this, however, it has been shown that if the Pyramid inch be taken as the unit corresponding to a year of time, the measurements of the inner passages and galleries correspond to the time scale of astronomical cycles, and that the architectural features of these passages—where they intersect one another or change their character—mark dates of obvious importance as turning points in history. The Edgar brothers, and Davidson and Aldersmith, have been the early and chief, though by no means the only, workers in this field, and their results parallel to a remarkable degree the deductions of Dr. Guinness. The length of the 2520 year cycle, for example, is built into the pyramid masonry as definitely as into Daniel's prophecy; and if one starts from the corresponding dates in the Old Testament, one enters the Grand Gallery with the time of Christ, coming to the first "Low Passage" in August, 1914, to leave it for the Ante-chamber (where one is again able to stand upright) in November, 1918. This first Low Passage thus corresponds to the World War. The second Low Passage, to which the Ante-chamber leads, begins with May, 1928 (determined as are all these dates by counting an inch of length equal to a year of time), and ends on September 15th-16th, 1936. The pyramid prophets see in it our economic depression. It leads into the King's Chamber, the Hall of Judgment, the Testing of the Nations. This date, September 15th-16th, is given in many prophecies as crucial. By the time this article is read, it will have come and gone; but it does not follow that of necessity it will, even if the prophecy be true, correspond to anything whose importance will be immediately recognized.

It is unfortunate that the pyramidologists have been almost as blind as the Biblical scholars in being unable to see that they were actually dealing with great cyclic laws and forces whose scope is universal, and by no means confined to Jewish and European history. They appear unable to comprehend that the Great Pyramid can be something more than a symbol in stone of Christian chronology. *The Great Pyramid*, by Davidson and Aldersmith, is a voluminous work, packed with an immense amount of information, valuable records of measurements, a heterogeneous mass of pre-Christian history (of doubtful or obviously erroneous nature), apposite astronomical data, and really valuable tables and references relative to most of the ancient and modern calendars; but its authors, like Dr. Guinness and the Edgar brothers, take altogether too much for granted regarding the Hebrews. Substantially all the matter which they exhibit as being Jewish is no more Jewish than anything else. By the very nature of their work, one would have thought that

they, of all men, should have been able to avoid theological bias, and recognize, within the history and religion of the Jews, the echoes of ancient wisdom and culture, picked up and adopted by the Jews, and relabelled by them as their own. Both Biblical and Pyramid prophecy are befogged and belittled by Hebrew tradition. The Jews have been mixed up and confused with all peoples. They have been in the past, as they are now, associated with important aspects of the material world, controlling great wealth, with wide international ramifications and influence. They have suffered (and inflicted) grievous, venomous and sustained persecutions. But they are nevertheless of far less importance in the world than these students of prophecy would have us think, when they deal with cycles as though they concerned none but this "chosen" people.

On the other hand, we must not forget that the universe being one, and the infinitely great being reflected in the infinitely little, that which portrays the life of a solar system, *should* also portray the life of a planet, of races, of continents, of nations, as of individuals. We do not in the least mean to deny that the Great Pyramid may contain a prophecy of the World War, our economic depression, or even of Roosevelt as "the Final Tribulation",—these may all be included, together with the whole history of the Jews, and the ten lost tribes, and the decline of the Papacy, and the expulsion of the Turks from Jerusalem. The greater properly includes the less, and cosmic and inter-cosmic happenings may be, *must* be, reflected even in the most trivial of our daily affairs. The mistake that is made by these expounders of prophecies is not in including the little, but in presenting the comparatively insignificant as though it were the only or chief application and meaning.

The close parallelism, amounting often to identity, between the results of Biblical and pyramid prophecy, is specially interesting in view of the totally different types of prophecy they appear to represent. In the pyramid, everything appears to be the result of the most close calculation. Nothing is too minute, nothing too great, to be taken into account, and as all are brought together and synthesized, the result is reached as the outcome of a mathematical equation, or the resultant of a polygon of forces, which is as indisputable as it is impersonal. The exact opposite marks the Hebrew prophecy. There nothing seems calculated. No account is taken of the individual factors that enter into the problem. Indeed there is no problem. The result is *given*. It stands alone, and is *seen* in a single flash of intuition, or is shown or told the prophet in vision. "Thus saith the Lord." "And I Daniel alone saw the vision. . . . Yet heard I the voice of his words." It is shot through and through with personality.

In general, both Biblical and Pyramid prophecies point to certain dates as crucial without specifying the exact form the crisis is to take. The dates specified correspond very accurately with important historical happenings, but what they really mean, the experts are rarely able to tell us, either before or after the event. *After* the event, the interpreters are always able to point to objective happenings in the outer world, and would have us believe that it

was to them the prophecy referred. This is because the outer world is the only one with which the interpreters are familiar. The real event may be a hidden thing, or the causal aspect of the visible thing, whose real significance does not appear until much later. But there are instances in which an outer event, such as the fall of Jerusalem, was clearly indicated by the interpreters, in books printed years before the occurrence, and with a very remarkable precision as to time.

As we have seen, the interpretation of such prophecies as that of the Book of Daniel involves questions both as to the unit of measurement for time, and as to the exact date from which the measurement is to begin. Dr. Grattan Guinness has to deal with these questions when he discusses the application of the prophecies to the hold of the Moslem power upon Jerusalem. On page 473, of the 1880 edition of his book, he writes:

"Dated from the earliest possible starting point, the commission given by Artaxerxes to Ezra, B.C. 457, this period expired as we have seen in 1844, which was a marked epoch in the fall of that Mohammedan power which has long defiled the sanctuary and trodden down Jerusalem. But dated 145 years later, from the era of the Seleucidae, this period measured in *lunar* years expires *seventy five years later*, in A.D. 1919. We have noted various indications in the condition of Palestine and of Israel, and in the political events of our own day, which seem to indicate that the cleansing of the sanctuary and the restoration of Israel are not distant. When these shall take place, and when the Moslems, now driven out of Bulgaria, shall be driven out of Syria, when the nations of Europe, actuated it may be by mutual distrust and political jealousy, or it may be by higher motives, shall conspire to reinstate the Jews in the land of their forefathers, *then* the last of the unfulfilled predictions of the Scripture, as to events prior to the great crisis, will have received its accomplishment."

Mr. Henry James Forman, in his recent and very interesting book, *The Story of Prophecy, In the Life of Mankind from Early Times to the Present Day*, says that, writing in 1886, Dr. Guinness set the date as 1917, as that was the year reached by starting from Mohammed's Hegira, A.D. 622, and adding 1260 lunar years (the half of the cycle of 2520 years), together with the correction for the epact. It was in 1917 that General Allenby took Jerusalem, "putting an end to nearly thirteen centuries of Mohammedan rule", and Mr. Forman adds that "the Mohammedans themselves had a prophecy, attributed to their prophet and poet Ibn Khasri of the tenth century, that 'the man who will conquer Jerusalem and redeem it from the infidel for all time to come, will enter the Holy City humbly on foot, and his name is God's Prophet'. The Arabic for the last two words is Allah Nebi—of striking similarity in sound to Allenby, who did enter Jerusalem on foot in 1917."

It was not until after the peace, however, that "the nations of Europe, actuated it may be by mutual distrust and political jealousy, or it may be by higher motives", conspired to reinstate the Jews, and this illustrates the fact that the events to which the prophecies refer may not be such as to be accom-

plished at a single stroke. Dr. Guinness emphasizes this particularly in reference to the crises that have been foretold for our own immediate future, September 1936, 1942, 1951. "That the transition from this age to the next will occupy a *period*, and not a *point* of time, seems likely from analogy, and seems to be indicated in the two brief supplementary periods added to the main one, and in the closing words of the angel to Daniel. That there will be marked stages in the accomplishment of the stupendous changes from the world that is, to the world that shall be, and that it is impossible to fix their dates, or to determine beforehand the precise order of the various events, revealed and destined to occur in the course of the great crisis and consummation, may be freely admitted without detracting the least from the momentous weight and solemn importance of this most blessed conclusion" (p. 487).

On the whole, Biblical and Pyramid prophets have not identified specific dates with particular events, but have rather deduced from the Pyramid and the Bible that certain important cycles were drawing to a close, and that a crisis on a large scale was thus impending. Just why Dr. Guinness is so sure it will be a "blessed conclusion" we do not ourselves know. It is quite true that the angel's closing words to Daniel were as a blessing on *him*. "Blessed is he that waiteth, and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days. But go thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." But in the verses before, it is foretold that "Many shall be purified and made white and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly: and none of the wicked shall understand." In the Pyramid, the corresponding date brings us to the "Hall of Judgment" and the "Cleansing of the Nations". May Dr. Guinness's confidence be justified!

The question inevitably arises as to why the builders of the Great Pyramid should have chosen its interior passages as the symbol of, or medium for recording, their prophetic knowledge of the course that human history would take. To the ordinary Egyptologist of a generation ago the pyramids are tombs, the Great Pyramid perhaps the greatest of tombs, but still a tomb and little if anything more. The King's chamber, the Queen's chamber, the passages, the open coffer, all point to the tomb and the trappings of Death. Mr. Davidson and the majority of the pyramidologists, on the other hand, completely reject the tomb theory, and consider they have sound engineering evidence against it. Part of this evidence is the provision made for ventilating the King's and Queen's chambers. To these enthusiasts the Great Pyramid is not only a stupendous scientific monument, a compendium of the ancient learning and wisdom of men who had foreknowledge of the future, but is a monument that was erected for *our* special benefit. Its secrets were intended to remain secrets until *we* came and rediscovered them,—until the turning of the cycles should have brought again a scientific age capable of understanding this learning. That is why, they say, the Pyramid prophecies all refer to our era; and the ventilating shafts were provided for our special comfort while studying these prophecies! There is a colossal egotism in this view that almost matches the grandeur of the Pyramid itself, and we suspect that few readers of the

QUARTERLY will be able to rise to it. As we have already suggested, we do not wish to deny that the prophecies apply to us, but only that they apply solely to us,—that in the less, no greater is reflected.

Most students of Theosophy have, we think, been led to associate the Great Pyramid with the Egyptian Lodge and the ancient Adept Kings, and the theory that its inner passages and chambers were used as a place of initiation for disciples in the ceremonies of the Mysteries, has much to support it. It would explain both the ventilating shafts and the symbols of the tomb, and give a compelling and wholly sufficient reason for the exact correspondence between its passages and galleries and the cycles of human evolution and history.

"Out of Egypt have I called my son." All the Christian symbolism can, it is said, be found in ancient Egypt: the coming and rejection of the Messiah, his crucifixion, death and burial, his resurrection and ascension. In the historic life of Jesus of Nazareth, was re-enacted for our Western race, the eternal drama of the Mysteries, through which the Christ, the soul, "the anointed", is initiated into immortal life and union with "the Father". It is all part of the great ritual of the Egyptian Lodge, and not only of the Egyptian Lodge, but also (except for its special colouring), of the Great Parent Lodge as well,—for it is inherent in the very nature of Being. Therefore we find it in the Upanishads as well as in Egypt. It is to the House of Death that Nachiketas comes for his initiation; there, a pure guest, he abides three nights before Death speaks; there he rejects all other gifts, that he may learn of Death the secret of life. *Light on the Path* tells us that to come to this initiation—to reach and lift the bars of the Gates of Gold—the neophyte must accomplish in himself that which, "in the far spaces of Time", Necessity, the slow compulsion of the cycles, will have accomplished in all men. But he who would do this, lifting himself out of his servitude to Time, must do, by the unaided force of his own will and desire, all that Time would otherwise do for him. He can neither omit nor evade any stage of the Path, but must travel them all. Therefore, in exact and literal truth, the Way that leads to the disciple's Initiation is a projection into the present of the future course of the whole race. Every step of it is prophecy. It is no miracle that the words of the angel to Daniel, and the stones of the ascending passages that lead to the Hall of Judgment and the King's Chamber, the Chamber of the Open Tomb, should tell the same story of the Way of Man.

It is prophecy. But with what difference is the same ascent made, the same Path trodden, by the chêla, consciously following in the footsteps of his Master, consciously taking his own nature into his own hands, coming to his dark hours of trial and combat with the knowledge that they must be part of the self-sacrifice that he has himself willed,—and by the blind multitudes of peoples, slaves of Time and of Necessity, slaves most of all to themselves, driven they know not how, or why, or where. With blind, self-centred ignorance, have the races of men stumbled and dragged themselves through the long passages, crawled through the low ones, scrambled up the Grand Gallery of Time for its twenty-five hundred and twenty years—jostling, crowding,

fighting, buying, selling, cheating, begging, bullying, until they have found themselves suddenly poised on a level, in an obscure place and in a helpless, hopeless mass. The ascending grade, which coaxed them along, they knew not why, has lost the enticement of the activity it called forth. Frightened at the emptiness of the sombre void, crushed and terrified at the personal losses they have suffered (no one goes up the "Grand Gallery" without great personal loss and deprivation), in their yearning for surcease, they intuitively sense the proximity of the place of silence, of peace of mind, of freedom from all that now distracts and torments them. In their need and longing and terror they cry out, and in compassion a Voice answers:

"Who are you?"

"We are men, burdened and borne down with unbearable confusion."

"What do you want?"

"We come to you for—we must know who you are?"

"I am He whom you have forgotten, in the personification of Time."

"We pray you bring us to the place of peace and comfort and consolation."

"That, even I have no power to do now. You can only go to that place with the magic of the power I gave you in the magic of My Time. It is not you, as you think, who have come; it is I who have led you to Myself with the persuasion of My silent Presence in the duration of My time. The one you have ignored, and the other you have wasted. To Me you bring only the nothingness of yourselves, from which you even now wish to be released. I have brought you to the end of Time when we always meet.

"Mark you that you be attentive to Me at all times until the next Time, for by that attention and that only can I lead you into the timeless reality of My Presence."

Like Sisyphus, one by one, we fall away and sink into the future. Think of the infinite variety of beautiful flowers that must have the warmth and light of the Sun to bring them into bloom, and how they accept that and take it for granted, just as a little child accepts his mother. Think of some, like the sunflower which not only accepts, but recognizes the sun, salutes him with bold, unswerving attention, keeping his face turned toward him throughout the day, even when the sun is behind the clouds—being ready, after the night, to face him again in the morning—growing all the while amidst the rankest weeds, yet towering above them.

There is for each cycle a particular Purpose, involved in a Plan, actuated by a Power. The thing that counts, the only thing that is worth while, is not what we achieve, nor with what great adventure we acquire, but to what the accomplishment is referred—to Christ, the Lodge, the Master, or to something less—so much less that with all our hoarding, saving, holding, when the time of the lesser comes to the Time of the Greater, the lesser fades away, leaving us empty and desolate.

K.R.

THE MIRROR OF NATURE AND OF ART

For Dionysus or Bacchus, because his image was reflected in a mirror, pursued it, and thus became dispersed into all things. But Apollo re-formed him and resurrected him; being a deity of purification, and the true saviour of Dionysus; and on this account he is styled in the sacred hymns, Dionusites.—OLYMPIODORUS.

THE mirror has always been a mysterious object to man, presenting to him his own image, unsubstantial, unprejudiced, the same and yet another. All over the world it is a sacred object and a symbol. Perhaps this whole universe of Maya is a mirror held up to the Absolute. Thus man's consciousness also is a mirror, and so is physical nature. In the innermost Shinto Shrine there is a mirror. *Man, Know Thyself*, was the most profound of the Oracles.

Every atom reflects in itself the essential Being, but this Being must be perceived. There must be something, someone aware of the reflection. It is the divine element in man which knows itself and which knows the divine in Nature. The perceiving consciousness, in a sense, creates the image it sees; it confers on it an existence. Thus, man's intellect, leaning over the expanse of Nature, creates in it a form, an entity, just as the Manasaputra cast upon nascent humanity the sun-rays of their Mind. The mirror of Nature, however, is not crystallized, static and unevolving, as is the polished bronze or the quicksilvered glass. It corresponds, it responds, it lives, it gives of itself and it receives. Man turns upon Nature the fire of his meditation and it stirs. What has man done to Nature—and by man we mean now merely the semi-evolved being of this planet? What is his influence upon the vegetation, the forms of mountains or of flowers? How has he modified the rose, and who is responsible for the tent caterpillar, the Japanese beetle and the mosquito?

The influences of climate and soil are held by some scientists to be responsible for all the psychic activities of the race. But how much more profound is the influence of the psychic atmosphere of a group of men upon the landscape. One crosses an imaginary line between California and Mexico and one is in a different country at once. The two handsome Carabinieri on the platform at Domo d'Ossolo are not the only intimations that one has come at last to enchanting Italy. Two dogs who live on adjoining properties know exactly where their respective domains end. A land that is loved is full of marvellous qualities; it responds like a plant or an animal to care and affection. It has a coquetry of its own, a desire to please.

Another quality of the living mirror of Nature is that it reflects both ways. It reflects God and man. It ever evolves from within outwards the potentialities

of the divine essence, and shows them forth to those who look attentively into it. Man is a part of Nature, his life is unfolding from the same source, but he has, in varying degrees, that mind which makes him capable of sharing the consciousness of the gods. "Man is the Thaumaturge of the Earth." It is in observing Nature that he becomes aware of those samenesses which are correspondences, and which exemplify for him the laws of his own being. It is, doubtless, impossible for a man to obtain wisdom by looking only into himself and not also upon the globe of which he is a part.

Late one night this winter the ground was covered with deep snow. The earth and trees were silent with that heavy hush which the snow lays upon the countryside. The moon was rising in the eastern sky like a brilliantly shining silver mirror. "The moon", said Proclus, "is the cause of nature to mortals, and the self-revealing image of the fountain of nature." It was in this aspect that Apuleius hailed her with the magnificent words;

Te superi colunt, observant Inferi: tu rotas orbem, luminas Solem, regis mundum, calcas Tartarum. Tibi respondent sidera, gaudent numina, redeunt tempora, serviunt elementa.

"The supernal gods reverence thee, and those in the realms beneath attentively give homage to thy divinity. Thou dost make the universe revolve, illuminate the sun, govern the world and tread on Tartarus. The stars answer thee, the gods rejoice, the hours and seasons return by thy appointment, and the elements serve thee."

This profound poetry is the reward of the contemplation of Nature. All that men pour out in contemplation is returned enriched. We look upon a lovely landscape, the moonlight on snow or the sun's rays striking into prismatic showers the mist above a waterfall, and it delights us, but when we draw upon the arts to supplement our enjoyment we heighten it by the experience of greater men, we deepen it by the richness of the whole culture of our race. As Apollo has re-formed Dionysus, so he has produced the arts. The sun's rays have drawn back out of their descent into the world, form, organized being, individuality. Man, gazing upon Nature, has re-created it and stamped upon it something of his own image, stamped it so that this image remains and can be seen long after he has departed from it. Jules de Gaultier, in his book, *La Vie Mystique de la Nature*, devotes a chapter to this interchange between Nature and the artist. He asks, "Does not the human mirror here show itself to be composed of the same substance as the object that it will reflect?", and he goes on to describe Nature with premeditation separating the artist from herself, as if he were a plant whose sole function it were to contemplate her and to reproduce her own image in the beauty of art.

The mediæval illuminator intending his thought upon a violet, penetrating the secret of its form, left its image upon the burnished gold of the page like a crystal of amethyst, with his love and reverence intact through the ages. Leonardo da Vinci, fascinated by the complexities of the blue columbine, drew it over and over again, and, in one of his loveliest paintings—now attributed to someone else!—he places it in the hands of a young woman and invests it with

a profound suggestiveness, something almost beyond definition in words. We look upon this little flower and sense the vast mystery of manifestation.

Art is, in its turn, a living mirror. By art we mean here the arts in the largest sense, every expression of man which embodies with beauty and clarity his perceptions of the true essence of being, every production which is not an imitation but a creation, adding to Nature that self-conscious vision which is the seal of divinity. There, in the treasure of the arts, it is possible for us to share the conquests and triumphs of the human spirit. There is the fountain whose waters perpetually renew and nourish the thirsting and dry little mind of the personal man; there he can widen his comprehension until he passes out of his own narrow brain into a universal being.

Cosa bella mortal passa e non d'arte. "In life, beauty perishes, not in art", Leonardo wrote in his notebook. The Western world has always been filled with melancholy by this contrast, and all the gilded paradises of the painters do not console it.

> Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
> That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!
> The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
> Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

Men too often have thought of themselves as going down to the grave and perishing. They see the dissolving aspects of vegetative nature and its continual rebirth and return, but for themselves they see no return. The apple blossom that falls, decays, and the flower of next year is altogether another. So, they say, the man dies; other men are born, but never the same one again. But the great work of art which man is to produce is his immortality. *A propos* of apples, someone has said that innumerable thousands of people had seen them fall from the trees before Newton, but they had only thought of eating them. Perhaps here we actually see the beginning of the process of becoming immortal. No! Not by giving up eating apples, but by looking behind and through the apple. *Through the Looking Glass.*

The secret is not in looking in the mirror and becoming enchanted with reflections, as did Dionysus in the myth: it is in looking for the divine essence which breathes through all forms and animates them. It was the light of the god which drew back the scattered fragments into a new whole. This allegory, the descent of the soul into matter, its experiences, and its restoration to its pristine glory, was the subject of the Bacchic Mysteries, as the story of Demeter and Persephone was of the Mysteries of Eleusis.

The sunlight of Greece falls upon us as we read the Homeric Hymn to Demeter:

"Persephone was playing with Okeanos' deep-breasted daughters, and plucking flowers, roses and crocus and pretty pansies, in a soft meadow, and flags and hyacinth, and that great narcissus that Earth sent up for a snare to the rose-faced maiden, doing service by God's will to Him of the Many Guests. The bloom of it was wonderful, a marvel for gods undying and mortal men; from the root of it there grew out a hundred heads, and the incensed smell of it made

the wide sky laugh above, and all the earth laugh and the salt swell of the sea. And the girl in wonder reached out both her hands to take the beautiful thing to play with; then yawned the broad-trod ground by the Flat of Nysa, and the deathless steeds brake forth, and the Cronos-born king. He of the Many Names, of the Many Guests; and He swept her away on his golden chariot."

The narcissus was created because a youth, gazing upon his reflection in a pool, became enamoured of his own image, and falling into it, was drowned, and metamorphosed into the flower. It is this same flower which leads Persephone into the power of Gloomy Dis or Pluto, the King of Hades.

The god of death is the Great Initiator. It is by manifestation that the whole universe attains form and consciousness. It is through the experience of incarnation that man achieves self-consciousness. Nature is borne on in its evolution by the pure but unindividualized hierarchies of the divine light, but, fortunately for him, man is aided directly by those who have triumphed and who embody the divine mind. In another great poem of initiation, the *Katha Upanishad*, Nachiketas stands before Death, having returned from his voyages. He has seen through all the illusions of the world and has no longer any desire for "chariots and lutes". He has perceived the Eternal Essence of Being in all beings, and desires only That. Therefore he has constrained Death to teach him all of its lessons, and is victor over it. He has attained immortality.

"This is too difficult. This is impossible. This can not be expected of us." But it is. It is just what we are here for. It is just what everything is here for. Every little ladybird on the potato vine, and every small weed, every pebble and every star is accomplishing this throughout the incalculable æons of time. Moreover, we have arrived—God knows how!—at the stage of evolution where we meet with the mystery of the supernal Grace. This is that Blood of Christ which the fifteenth century represented in the mystical Fountain of Life.

Sanguis, animarum lavacrum, lava nos.
Sanguis, piscina languentium, salva nos,
Sanguis, fons puritatis, irriga nos.

Every great work begins at an infinitesimal beginning; the raising of the hand, the grain of sand. We are not at the beginning. A long past of experience surrounds us, our own, that of Nature and that of other men. Every time we perceive the spiritual world behind an object, we add one more brick to our structure, one more atom to the form which we are creating by contemplation. We are the artisans of our own work of art. Every correspondence to which we are awake unites us with the Law. Whenever we are aware of the meaning of a work of beauty we are allied to the consciousness of immortality. This is the dazzling radiance of pure joy. This is the root of ecstasy. This is the splendour and richness of real life. This is the transforming light of Apollo which restores our dispersed, fragmentary consciousness to its lost divinity.

SAUVAGE.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth. Keep the door of my lips.

IT is obvious that as we go forward on the path of discipleship, we shall have to acquire, gradually, complete and unfailing control of our speech, and it is safe to assume that such control will exceed anything we can imagine at present. One of the motives for this form or aspect of self-conquest, will be an ever-increasing realization of the direct effect which our words have on ourselves.

In view of the importance of the matter (the reaction of speech on the speaker) it seems strange that so little attention is given to it. Painful experience has taught people a few simple facts about speech, as, for example, that the more you talk about your troubles the worse they seem. But it must be admitted that when one thinks of the probable effect produced by certain words, one's thoughts are generally directed to the hearer, not to the speaker. No one worries much about what they do to *him!*

Nevertheless, as has already been suggested, that side of the question is the one of real, and ever-increasing importance, to the student of Theosophy who endeavours to combine study with practice. His objective (or one of them) might be stated to be the attainment of a state of consciousness which is fixed, unwavering; unshaken by the vibrations of life. As he observes the variations in consciousness to which he is subject, the swing from higher to lower states and back again, endlessly, he can hardly fail to perceive that the words he speaks, and the spirit or motive behind them, often have a great deal to do with these oscillations. A state of happy serenity may be changed abruptly to one of gloomy resentment or bitterness, as the result of a brief conversation.

The usual procedure, in such cases, would be to blame the other person, the "antagonist" of the occasion, for ruining the day. But having awakened to some perception of the potency of words, from this different standpoint, the student may, conceivably, ask himself, "Why did I say that?" or, "What wrong element was there in my words? Ought I to have said *nothing?*" Incidentally, it will be remembered that Christ told his disciples: "Let your conversation be yea, yea; nay, nay; for more than this cometh of evil."

When one has come to recognize the fact that there are kinds of talk, perhaps not ordinarily regarded as in the least reprehensible, but which nevertheless cause undesirable repercussions in one's consciousness, it becomes of increased importance to discover what they are; to identify them despite their disguises.

At the head of a list of elements of speech that are found to be deleterious would doubtless be self-defence and excuse; criticism and condemnation of other persons; complaining and fault-finding from a *personal* standpoint.

From *Light on the Path*, that text-book of discipleship, the following may be quoted in this connection:

"But this conquering of self implies a destruction of qualities most men regard as not only indestructible but desirable. The 'power to wound' includes much that men value, not only in themselves, but in others. The instinct of self-defence and of self-preservation is part of it; the idea that one has any right or rights, either as citizen, or man, or individual." "All weapons of defence and offence are given up." "Never again can another man be regarded as a person who can be criticized or condemned; never again can the neophyte raise his voice in *self-defence* or *excuse*."

It is significant that self-defence is here said to become, after a certain stage of progress, not merely undesirable or wrong, but impossible. Why? If our thesis be correct, because of the effect on the man himself.

It should be remembered that as one advances on the way, he becomes more, not less, sensitive. Words and actions of his, which formerly would have appeared to have slight significance, if any, as far as their affecting *him* was concerned, will be seen as definite hindrances, as obstacles to further progress. Speaking of such a seeker of truth, the *Gates of Gold* says, "He utters no idle word; he performs no unconsidered action." The condition of irresponsibility has been left behind.

The foregoing will perhaps suffice to make clear the central point. Assuming our view to be correct as far as it goes, the implications for the earnest student are obvious. Eventually he will have to govern his tongue, the unruly member, absolutely; and, as we are all so largely creatures of habit, the earlier he turns his attention to the matter and arouses his higher will to appropriate action, the better for him. Moreover, conquest of self at any point brings its own sure reward. The task is far from easy, but recognition of the problem is in itself a start in the right direction. If you discover a snake in your cellar, you are likely to do something about it; you would not harbour it as a permanent guest.

It is interesting and helpful to remember that control of speech is a subject which is given much importance in the great religions of the world. There are innumerable references to it in the Bible, though the prevailing custom among Christians, even among the ministry, seems to be to take many of them with a "grain of salt". This, however, is only natural, since all the other teachings which have to do with conduct, both inner and outer, are taken in much the same way. But the fact that silence is enforced to such a large extent in the religious Orders is worthy of serious consideration. Their saintly founders may well have had far more knowledge and understanding of spiritual laws, and the occult or hidden side of man's nature, than sceptical seculars imagine.

In any case we know that an effective way to combat a wrong desire or an unruly emotion is to suppress its manifestation, in word as well as in deed. Lower nature is complex; our knowledge of self only partial. It is therefore more than likely that if, when anxious to talk, one maintains a discreet silence, one is thereby fighting some fault of which he is not yet conscious, though it may be well known to his fellows. Speech, no doubt, may be silver. But silence—more often—is golden.

A. Woodby.

WITHOUT CENSOR

VII.

THE first and only night then, which I passed at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, was quiet and uneventful, and early the following morning, July 31st, I presented myself at Headquarters First American Army, and reported to the Chief of Staff, Brigadier General Hugh A. Drum. He was extremely busy, but he found time to receive me with much kindness, and informed me that I had been assigned for duty to the Operations Section of the General Staff. He took me down the hall to the office of Colonel (later Brigadier General) R. McCleave, Chief of G-3, and introduced me in a few words, and then, after wishing me good luck, left me with my new Chief. My first short interview with General Drum was all that was needed to show me why, as I found out later, he was able to drive his staff night and day with a maximum of efficiency, loyalty and co-operation; force and charm and the ability to understand men and to handle them in exactly the right way, were characteristics of his which stood out at that very first meeting. Colonel McCleave was most friendly, and during a pleasant chat over a cigarette we discovered that we had several friends in common. The wall of the large room, which was his office, was covered with an immense map of the front, which showed, corrected to within a few minutes, the latest positions and dispositions of all the units in the sector of the First American Army Corps, and also of those in the area of the Third American Army Corps, commanded by Major General Bullard, which was now operating on the right of the First Corps. Colonel McCleave soon got to business, and informed me that at present our First and Third Army Corps were in the Sixth French Army, under General Degoutte, and under his tactical command; that Headquarters First American Army was not yet tactically functioning as such, but that it was planned to take over the command, within a very few days, of the entire Army front from the Sixth French Army, and that the interval was to be employed in reduplicating the whole French Army staff organization, our staff functioning side by side with the French and gradually assuming their duties, so that when the change of command actually took place, it would be a change in name only, and not in fact. General Pershing was, of course, to be Commander of the First Army.

Colonel McCleave then told me that, while a member of the Staff of First Army Headquarters, I was not to be on duty there at that time, but that, as part of the plan of taking over from the French which he had just outlined, I was to be sent at once to Headquarters First Army Corps, as Liaison Officer there from Headquarters First Army. He then handed me a letter, in duplicate, dated July 31, 1918, addressed to the Chief of Staff, 1st Army Corps, and signed: "By command of General Pershing,—R. McCleave, Colonel, General Staff, A. C. of S., G-3." This letter read as follows:—

1—The bearer of this letter, Captain ———, 77th Division, has been directed to report to you for duty as Liaison Officer, from the Headquarters First Army. His duty will be to transmit to these headquarters information concerning the progress of the different divisions of your Corps, together with any general information that might prove of value.

I read this over twice in silence, under my new Chief's watchful eye. It read like a large order, but it read, too, as if I had fairly high authority to support me, coming as I would from a higher unit of command to a lower one. It certainly seemed like the real thing. I finished reading, and looked up at Colonel McCleave, who inquired whether I had any questions. I asked him if he would tell me what divisions and other units were in line on the First Corps front, and what their positions were. He replied that it would be almost impossible to do that, for, owing to the rapidity with which things were moving in the forward areas, any information which he might give me then, would probably be old and useless a few hours later, and that I would find all that out after I had arrived at First Corps Headquarters. I asked him what form the transmission of my reports should take, and he told me to send them preferably as dispatches over the Signal Corps telegraph wires, as that method was far quicker than any other; but that I could use the field telephone, and couriers whenever necessary. I asked him whether my messages should be coded, and he replied that they should be, although, because of the rapidity with which the Germans were now moving out of the old Château-Thierry salient, it was unlikely that they could effectively tap our field wires; he said that I would get copies of all the codes which I needed at First Corps Headquarters. He volunteered that the general information alluded to in my orders simply meant that I was to keep my eyes and ears wide open, and that I was to send them back at once any fact I might discover, or any rumour or report I might hear, carefully specifying which it was, that I thought would be of any assistance to them in conducting this operation. He asked me how soon I could go, and I told him that I could go at once. He then said that his car would be waiting for me outside my billet in an hour, and that I should find in the car another captain, who was going to our Third Corps Headquarters as Liaison Officer there, after I had first been left at First Corps Headquarters. He rose to his feet, and so did I. I saluted, and departed.

Promptly, one hour later, an army Cadillac limousine, and in it my travelling companion, drove up to the door of my billet; I loaded my things on board, and off we started. Our road led through Château-Thierry, as Headquarters First Army Corps was that day at Moucheton Château, near Epieds, a little town a few miles to the northeast. We drove through what had been the battlefields of the preceding fortnight. The dead had been removed and buried, but everywhere, on all sides, was the wreckage and destruction of war. It was the first sight of it, for both of us, and it made a profound impression. We were constantly off the road and in the fields, where poppies were still growing, in order to avoid shell holes, only to have to circumvent others which we found there. The air was full of Allied planes, on their way to, or returning

from, the lines. There were very few troops in evidence, except for the ever-present Military Police and scattered detachments; but this was easily understandable, as reliefs and troop movements took place only at night, when the roads were free from aerial observation. Château-Thierry itself was a mass of wreckage; constant pounding by artillery fire had practically demolished the greater part of the town, and, where the Marne ran, great masses of debris and rubble had slid down, or had been blown, into the river, blocking it up. Already, however, American Engineer regiments and Pioneer Infantry were engaged in the effort to reduce some order out of this chaos. In spite of the difficulties of travel, it did not take us long to make our journey, as we really had not far to go; it certainly did not seem long, for there was so much to see that we lost all track of time. But shortly after midday we drove through the village of Epieds, or what was left of it, which was not much, and almost immediately afterwards turned into the front gate of Moucheton Château, a country house on the outskirts of the village. Just as we did so, a French 150 mm. howitzer, down in a hollow just beside the road, let go with a great roar; we had not seen it, as it was carefully camouflaged with the usual coverings, and it scared us out of a week's growth, as we thought for a moment that it was an *arrivé* and not a *départ*. We had not learned, then, that it is the *arrivé* which you hear, that does not hurt you; it is the one which you never hear, that does the trick. A few moments more took us to the front steps of the Château, my property was hastily unloaded, and I exchanged farewell salutes with my temporary companion, who departed across country to Third Corps Headquarters.

Moucheton Château was a typical small French country residence, which, for some unknown reason, had remained intact and was untouched by shell fire. In the cellar, which was of stone and, therefore, the best protected portion of the house, the Signal Corps had their telephone and telegraph wires, so that the service would be uninterrupted in the event of shelling or bombing. The principal staff offices were on the main floor, and the top floor was occupied as sleeping quarters by Major General Liggett, the Corps Commander, his ranking staff officers, and his aides. The stables, outbuildings and offices were used for the functioning of other sections of the Staff, and as sleeping quarters and a mess for the officers. I reported myself to the Corps Chief of Staff, Brigadier General Malin Craig, and gave him my letter; he received me briefly, but with great friendliness, and presented me to the different Colonels who were Chiefs of Section of the Staff, each of whom in turn introduced me to his various assistants. These formalities were soon over, and after I had stowed my belongings in a little room, already occupied by two other officers, on the top of one of the stables, I started to acquaint myself with my new duties and to acquire the information which I needed.

The Chief of the Operations Section of the Staff, G-3, gave me at once, through two of his officers, the data which I lacked in regard to the divisions and units under the Corps Command, and their positions, and it was while I was engaged in writing all this down, and in working out the positions on the

map, that I had my first experience of being shelled. We were grouped around a large table in the dining-room, when, suddenly, there was a whistling, tearing sound, followed by a loud explosion, and I glanced out of the window behind me, to see, something over one hundred yards away, a mass of earth and rubbish apparently suspended in the air. One of the officers said, quietly, that it looked as if they had our range. Almost immediately, it seemed to me, there was another similar explosion, this time on the other side of the Château, and about an equal distance away, and one of my new friends remarked that probably they would now "cut the bracket", and that we should have the next one on the dining-room table. There seemed to be no disposition on their part to discontinue the work which we were doing, so I said to myself that, if they could like it, I could, too, and I stuck to the job, although my attention wandered somewhat for the next few minutes. The third shell never arrived, and I found out, later that afternoon, that a Boche plane had been flying just over us, sending the co-ordinates of our position on the map by wireless to the German battery that was firing, and correcting their range for them at each shot; the final corrected range had never been sent, for, just in time, an American plane had gone up, directed by our Corps Headquarters, and had driven the Boche away.

I had now identified the units under the Corps Command, and had their positions, and also knew what divisions were in reserve in the rear of the Corps area. When, however, I asked for the code which I was to use, I was told that they had no code for me there, and that this should have been given to me at Headquarters First Army. I was in a quandary. My instructions were clear; my reports were to be sent in code. It was equally clear that there was none. It was up to me, therefore, to make up some sort of a code that I could use, and to have it typed, and a copy sent back to G-3, Headquarters First Army by the first courier. Obviously, there was no time in which to make it an elaborate one; it seemed to me, in the circumstances, that if I were to camouflage the names of all units, and were to send the rest of my messages in the clear, it would probably fill the bill. If not, I should certainly hear of it! I thought hard for a few minutes, and then had an idea. I wrote down, in parallel columns, leaving in each case a blank column between, the number of each division under the Corps Command, followed by the numbers of its infantry and artillery brigades and of their component regiments, and then the numbers and names of the other combat units in the divisions which I thought it might be necessary to mention in messages. In the blank columns, opposite the names and numbers of each division and of each of their component units, I wrote, in one column, the names of all the fishes I could think of; in another column, the names of all the birds; in a third column, all women's names; and, in succeeding columns, men's names, names of trees and of flowers, names of cities in the United States and of the States of the Union, names of colours, names of animals. Finally, I had a code word for each unit. If anyone imagines that it was an easy job to think up all those names, under pressure and in great haste, let them try it and see. It was simple enough for the first ten or fifteen

names in each case, but after that, the very necessity of haste made the memory stop working. I enlisted the assistance of the two officers who had been posting me; they entered enthusiastically into the spirit of the game, and, with their help, my make-shift code was soon completed. I had it typed in duplicate by one of the field clerks, and directed that a copy, together with an explanatory letter which I wrote, should go back to G-3 at Headquarters First Army by the next courier. Unfortunately, no courier went out that night; the next one did not leave, for some reason or other, until early the following morning. Meanwhile, blissfully unconscious of this, I sent my first messages that afternoon and evening, following them with others the first thing the next day. My messages of course arrived at Headquarters First Army before the copy of my code, and they told me afterwards that for some hours they were considerably mystified, and very much entertained, to read that Sturgeon had fallen back one kilometer, quite a leap for any fish, while Narcissus was apparently blooming to the fullest extent at a place to which "no flowers" should be sent.

Our system of liaison was borrowed from the French, and was modelled on their plan. There was vertical liaison, as, for instance, in my own case, when an officer was sent from a higher command to a lower one. There was horizontal liaison, as when an Army Corps Headquarters sent liaison officers to the Headquarters of the Army Corps on its right and on its left, receiving back in each case liaison officers in return. The French system was, of course, very highly developed indeed, while ours was in its infancy. The French liaison officers were usually older men who had had years of army experience; had been in combat units, and had, perhaps, been wounded and rendered incapable of further service in the line. They were invaluable for liaison work because of this very combat experience, and because they could visualize what was going on in the front areas, and understood what troops would do under given conditions; they knew what to expect. The French relied greatly upon the opinion and judgment of their liaison officers, not only in matters of strategy and tactics, but also where plain common-sense was involved. They were often of fairly high rank, and so could be used to influence indirectly and diplomatically an otherwise efficient subordinate commander, who might be showing a disposition to disregard his orders and to fight the War by himself. On account of this rank and experience, they were at times vested with considerable authority. I was told that a French liaison officer, going from an army, say, to a corps, would be so completely in the confidence of his army commander, and so thoroughly familiar with the mission of the army and the way in which it was to be carried out, that, if he found the corps commander to whom he had been sent was interpreting the army orders wrongly, and was issuing orders of his own which might obstruct or place in jeopardy the plan of the army command, the liaison officer would be empowered to rescind on the spot, in the name of the army commander, those corps orders, and even, if time were a factor, to indicate new orders to the corps commander and to insist that they be carried out. The French system had thus obviously been evolved through

years of war experience; at the start of things, as we were, we could not hope to have anything like it. Our officers did not have the experience, to begin with, and it was impossible to invest them with any such authority as indicated above. If the war had continued, we should probably have developed our system into something approaching that of the French, but at the outset, with us, the extent to which he could be of service depended very much upon the individual liaison officer himself, and upon his own intelligence and adaptability.

My mission, as I understood it, was to anticipate, in my capacity as an individual observer, the arrival at Headquarters First Army of the regular official reports of progress from the Operations Section of the Corps General Staff. These official reports were usually not sent at once, nor until they had been carefully verified. My messages were more in the nature of gossip, and usually began with a code word—I had further amplified my code by that time—which meant, "a liaison officer states that", or, "it is reported but not verified that", this change or the other of position had taken place in the shifting battle. As a matter of fact, I obtained much of my information from the constant reports which G-2, the Intelligence Section, and G-3, the Operations Section, were receiving from telephone and telegraph wires laid up to the front, by radio, by carrier pigeon from the front lines, and by messages dropped by aeroplanes on their way back from flights of observation and of reconnaissance. These constant reports were in most cases verified later, and were officially reported. But in the meanwhile my unverified messages had already gone, bringing to First Army Headquarters the first intimation of what was subsequently to be confirmed, and I was told later that the forward line on the great map on the wall at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre was tentatively changed with charcoal tracings as my, and other, messages came in, and was blacked in when the official General Staff reports arrived. It was always possible for me to go forward to the front lines, and there observe personally what was going on, in order to obtain information for my reports. I found, however, that it did not pay, for whenever I was absent from Corps Headquarters for any length of time, some piece of information invariably came in which far transcended in importance that which I brought back with me, and I missed the chance of sending it, for it was too old when I received it. Corps Headquarters was like a vast clearing-house for information, with things happening too rapidly to miss; one lost the perspective of the Corps operation when one concentrated upon anything less than the whole. My job was a twenty-four hour one. I never slept through a night; it would not have been possible in any event, as all through the darkness the Boche was dropping interdiction and harassing fire from his artillery upon the roads, on the chance of catching them crowded with transport and with moving troops, and was drenching the rear areas with gas in the same pious hope. Several times in each night I would go to G-2 and G-3, find out all that they knew of what had happened in the interval since my last visit, write out a message if there was anything important, and send it off. My handwriting, never anything to boast of, had become atrocious,

and I was so afraid that the telegraph operators would misread some essential parts of my messages, and get them wrong through no fault of their own, that I always printed my messages out instead of writing them, and gradually attained such proficiency that finally I was able to print almost as fast as I could write. Owing to the fact that I came from Army Headquarters, I found that, as representing the Army Commander, I had priority for my telegraph messages over all others except those of the Corps Commander and the Corps Chief of Staff, which was a great piece of luck, as it greatly expedited their transmission and consequently their receipt at the other end.

As my work developed, I found it necessary at times to cover in my messages the progress of divisions in the Army Corps on our right and on our left, because operations would often overlap on the Corps flanks, and this necessitated further amplification of my improvised code. Several days had now elapsed, and I had heard nothing whatever from Colonel McCleave at G-3, First Army Headquarters. That did not worry me, however, for I knew enough of the Army to understand that, if things had not been going as they should, I would have heard of it without fail. On the morning of August 3d, however, I received from him the following typewritten message:—

Headquarters First Army, A. E. F.
Office of G-3

August 2, 1918.

Memorandum for Captain ———.

1. Your telegraphic messages are coming in in excellent shape. It is believed that this method of sending your messages is preferable to all others. Send telegraphic messages in the clear, except that the Corps and Divisions should be indicated by code names. For the present you can send telephone messages in the clear until your code is completed and sent to us, which should be as soon as possible.

2. Your present reports are very satisfactory.

3. It is impossible to furnish you transportation until the motorcycles and sidecars are received here. They have not come yet.

R. McCleave
Colonel, General Staff
A. C. of S., G-3.

Reports from 1st Corps indicate satisfaction with your present methods.

R. McC.
G-3

Apparently, even then, the final installment of my code had not yet been received. It must have reached them the next day. But this message relieved me considerably, for, as far as we had gone, everyone was pleased, including myself! The Colonel had told me in the first instance to send my messages by telegraph, and this method was working satisfactorily, and now he was telling me to go on doing so, and all would be well. He confirmed my lucky guess that it would be sufficient camouflage to code the names of units only, and told me to do what I had already been doing in this respect, which is simply the Army method of making it seem as if the arrangement had been thought of first by those in higher authority, and that I was merely carrying out their

original orders. His message breathed sufficient encouragement however to make me want to work even harder than ever.

I received a great deal of general information from French liaison officers at First Corps Headquarters, and some criticism of our methods, always justified as far as I could see, which criticism they apparently thought stood a better chance of reaching the ears of higher authority through a liaison officer than through imparting it to those actually in command. I remember sending a message back to the Army to the effect that the French were very disturbed because our regimental commanders were marching their troops, coming into support, in column of squads on the roads in the daytime with bayonets fixed. The dark column on the road, and the glittering of the bayonets in the sun, were perfectly visible to the Boche from the air, with the result that the Germans, even if they did not try to bomb the moving troops at the time, or machine-gun them from low-flying planes, knew that a relief in the line was about to start, and searched out the sector that night with artillery interdiction-fire in the effort to find the incoming troops. All this, the French felt, and properly, was absolutely wrong, and made things unnecessarily unpleasant. As a result of my message, an Army Order was issued, calling attention to this practice, and prohibiting it for the future. Upon another occasion, the French criticized the choices which our regimental commanders were making for their P. Cs. (Headquarters). They always chose, the French said, the best looking house or château in their area which was still intact, no matter how exposed, and settled themselves in it, without in the least realizing that this was the very thing which the Boche wanted them to do. The Germans had just passed through this area in their retreat, they had spotted every château that was still standing, and had left it untouched in each case with a very definite purpose and hope. They had the exact co-ordinates on their maps of every such building, and knowing that we should be sure to pick them out as desirable Headquarters, they were certain to shell them severely. I reported this criticism also to First Army Headquarters, but, before any Army Order in this regard was issued, point was added to the remarks of the French by the fact that, shortly afterwards, an exposed château near us, in which a whole regimental staff had taken up quarters, was practically blown to pieces, and the Colonel and most of his staff killed.

By far my best source of information during this period was Brigadier General Craig, the Chief of Staff himself. I had liked him immensely from the beginning; he had gone out of his way to be pleasant to me when I had first arrived, and in seeing that I got off to a good start in my work and that I received all the help which I needed. After a day or so, he got in the way of stopping me sometimes when we met during the day around the Corps Headquarters, and of saying, "Captain, I don't know whether or not you have heard this", and of proceeding to tell me something which I could not possibly have heard about, as he had either only just heard of it himself, or it had originated in his own mind a few minutes before and had to do with some proposed change in the conduct of operations. All such information, which was of great value in my

reports, was immediately put on the wire. Apparently he was testing me out, for shortly afterwards he told me that if I would come that evening, after dark, to the top floor of the Château, he might have something to give me. I presented myself at the appointed hour, and was shown by a sentry, who was standing in the hall, into a little room, the black curtains of which were tightly drawn. Major General Liggett, the First Corps Commander, sat at a little table, upon which was spread a map of the Corps front, and facing him, on the other side of the table, was Brigadier General Craig; the only light came from two candles. General Craig told me to sit in a chair beside the table, and gave me a large pad and a pencil, saying that I would probably want to make some notes. He then proceeded to dictate his observations upon the day's operations, criticizing the conduct of the offensive by the commanding officers in the line whenever he thought criticism was indicated, and not forgetting to watch me as I wrote, slowing down his dictation whenever I failed to keep up. He then gave his estimate of the military situation as it existed at that hour, and outlined the plan for the next attack which was to take place early the following morning, giving his reasons for the dispositions, and stating what it was purposed to accomplish. From time to time General Liggett would interrupt, making a correction or a change. Now and then the dictation would be held up, while they went over again some phase of the operation, or made some modification in their original plan. What they were giving me, for immediate transmission to the Army Commander, was the result of their deliberations before I had entered the room. The Staff did not yet know it, and they did not want the Staff to know it, until it had been received at First Army and approved. There were some general observations at the end, and then I was told that that would be all for that evening. I made my way to the cellar, tremendously elated, for I could not possibly have had any more red-hot information than this to send in my dispatches, and I put it all on the wire without delay. Through General Craig's kindness, there were several other such evening dictations, and the material which I was given to send was always of a similar nature, and calculated greatly to enhance the value of my reports. This, I think, was exactly what General Craig wished to do. He wanted to give me a "leg up", and took that way of doing it.

All messages which the Chief of Staff personally gave me to send, were prefaced by a code word which meant,—"The Chief of Staff directs me to say". General Craig was not aware of this. The Chief of Staff of the Third American Army Corps on our right was Brigadier General Bjornstad, who was a very able and efficient officer, but who, apparently, was somewhat of an eccentric in certain respects. One evening, there not being the same pressure of business as usual, General Craig began to dictate in a humorous vein, describing some device or other, rather unusual in character—something to do with hand grenades, I think—with which General Bjornstad was making his front line troops experiment. General Craig made his description of this device sound perfectly ludicrous. He ended with the remark,—"This contraption is the invention of a Norwegian named Bjornstad"; he looked quizzically at me, and

ended the dictation. He was putting it up to me, and I knew it. He wanted to see what I would do. He felt sure that I would not dare omit anything which he had dictated, and he was anticipating a good laugh at my expense on the part of all concerned when my message, containing this trenchant and humorous criticism and ending with the sentence quoted above, was received at First Army Headquarters with my name signed at the end of it. But I had my line of retreat all ready, although the General did not know it. I prefaced the message with my code word, which made the whole thing something which the Chief of Staff himself had directed me to say, and escaped from the hole in which I found myself. Moreover, I found out later at First Army Headquarters that I had turned the tables on General Craig, and had raised a laugh at his expense instead, for it was perfectly clear to them what had been going on, and what his original intention had been.

The First Army Corps had a very remarkable Signal Battalion, composed of specially selected men, all volunteers, and all of them telephone and wire experts in civil life. The wire communications were frequently broken by enemy shelling, but owing to the skill and efficiency which these men displayed, the interruptions never lasted for long. The telegraph operators were experts, and, from the start, I was able to obtain such speed in the transmission of my reports, that when, for instance, a message was dropped on the panel at First Corps Headquarters by one of our planes returning from the lines, stating that elements of our infantry had been seen at a point in advance of our previously known front line, it was possible to have this information on a typewritten slip of paper on the desk of the Chief of the Operations Section at Headquarters First Army within twenty minutes after the aeroplane observer had first spotted the troops and their position.

By now the Boche was in full retreat up the old Château-Thierry salient, but was holding back our pursuit with stubborn rear-guard actions, and with constant and aggressive counter-attacks. The salient had been full of enemy supplies, but while the Boche was getting himself out successfully, he necessarily had to leave a great part of these behind, and we took a number of ammunition dumps and great quantities of quartermaster stores. All this told of the enemy's breaking morale. He would never have left these supplies behind him if it could have been avoided, for not only did he lose the immediate use of them, but he had to mark time until fresh ammunition and stores could again be sent up from his rear. It was a retreat on his part, and incipient demoralization had set in.

CENTURION.

(To be continued)

THE ART OF LIFE

IT has been said that the Art of Life is the supreme and most difficult of all arts because it deals primarily with consciousness rather than things, with causes rather than effects. To mould physical matter into forms of enduring beauty is no small achievement; but to fashion life itself into some slight semblance of Truth or Beauty or Goodness is a task no man can hope to accomplish without help from divine powers.

How is any art learned and finally mastered? Is there not, first, the persistent desire to produce something and to do this as well as possible? The effort to produce or "create", whether the result be success or failure, awakens the first dim perception of an ideal that seems existent, somewhere. If the desire be rooted sufficiently deep to urge unwearied search, the man will discover that his ideal can be made manifest only through the right shaping of the stubborn and resistant materials of his own nature, of actual conditions and circumstances. As a painter compels pigment on canvas to embody in a Madonna's smile a glimpse of the Eternal Beauty, or a sculptor compels marble almost to pulse with breath, so man can compel the harsh and uncouth conditions of his life gradually to become the embodiment of that ideal which exists, because it always has existed, in the unseen, timeless world of the Real.

One hundred years ago, in a vigorous and eloquent paragraph of *Sartor Resartus*, Carlyle gave poetic expression to this thought: "The situation that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man. . . . The Ideal is in thyself, the impediment too is in thyself; thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of. . . . O, thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, 'here, or nowhere', couldst thou only see". Truly, the seed becomes the plant, and then the flower, only because the seed has within it the potentialities of both plant and flower.

For those who would learn the Art of Life, their ideal is not far off or dim or shadowy, as many have imagined, but substantial and at hand, tangible and visible in the actual lives of Masters, of Avatars who have incarnated among men, a Gautama Buddha, a Christ. These, living as men among men of earth, have given to the world, not alone their doctrine, but the matchless example of their lives; and the man who would become the follower or disciple of such as these, needs but to sit down before that consummate model of life, that finished work of art, to study it, to contemplate it, and, touch by touch, begin to reproduce it. Let him avoid, however, the mistake of undertaking at once to imitate the many-sided richness of a Master's life and nature; that is far too general and vague an effort, and likely to lead to discouragement. Rather, he should, at first, make a selection of one or two qualities at most, that appeal particularly to

him. From concentrated attention and effort upon that specific and narrowed goal, he is far more likely to make headway, than from vague, diffusive, or spasmodic bursts of energy. If the particular quality chosen is one that the beginner knows to be especially lacking in himself, has he not in that void a special incentive towards truly creative work? Is he, for instance, too easily thrown out of balance by unexpected incidents, however trivial? Let him take, then, the peace and serenity of a Master as his goal. Does he shrink from the open ridicule or half concealed whispers of acquaintances who are suspicious of his new turn in the road? Let him hold steadily before his mind's eye the superb moral courage, the utter fearlessness of the Western Avatar, serenely going up to Jerusalem to meet certain torture and a felon's shameful death. Or, does he find a moving appeal in the life of one less exalted than a Master, some historical character whose career is conspicuous for sacrifice of self to heroic principles, a Jeanne D'Arc, a Francis of Assisi, a Roland, or a Washington? Not that he is limited to history for his inspiration and models: imaginative literature, whether or not based upon actual events, can supply almost inexhaustible examples of noble and heroic achievement. Tennyson's King Arthur, and Hawthorne's boy, Ernest (in the story of *The Great Stone Face*), and many a character and incident in the volumes of Kipling, Scott, or Bulwer, are a few from a host of examples.

Having recognized an ideal, and recognized it as something far greater than oneself, one must guard against thinking of it as so remote as to be almost inaccessible. We need to remind ourselves again and again that the ideal is at hand, and, like the Kingdom of Heaven, is within us. "Look within—thou art Buddha", says the Eastern wisdom. That a man admires the selfless devotion of a King Arthur is proof that that same devotion is already in him, latent and potential—how else could he admire it in another? The serenity which in hours of turmoil he longs for, is already his—buried as a seedling in the earth—needing but to be brought to growth and exfoliation to blossom finally in the actual. And so with moral courage and any other virtue in the gamut of good qualities.

The moment an individual begins to desire a particular thing, he begins to brood upon it; and (as has so often been said) what we permit our attention to feed upon, that, in the course of time, we inevitably become. This is a mental and moral law impossible to gainsay. The faces of men and women, their very walk and carriage and voice, are infallible proof of its universality.

Brooding over one's ideal, contemplation of it, leads naturally to action, to virile efforts to bring it into incarnation. Here a new and startling discovery is sometimes made. The beginner may have imagined that to achieve his ideal he must leave home and the humdrum duties of home, and travel perhaps to far-off places beyond the seas. Perhaps he was restrained with difficulty from repudiating all natural ties and claims—home, family and business. Better acquaintance with his ideal, however, carries him from day-dreams to manly action, and the reward of honest effort is the discovery that those far-off seas and unknown shores await him in his own cellar, attic, and back yard. The India and Tibet of opportunity lie open for his taking—right in that office or

class-room where clamorous demands seemed to alienate him hopelessly from his real quest—in that home where for years he has obstinately refused to give courteous attention and affectionate interest to the needs of others. Amazed, he now discovers that his quest lies through "the trivial round, the common task". Opportunities for the accomplishment of his first great task, the repudiation of self, are thick around him; he will find no new and large ones until he uses the many which are thrust upon him every hour of his days and nights, begging him to act and to act at once.

"The repudiation of self" is a brief and simple phrase, but really to do it is a long and arduous task, the most arduous that a man can undertake, and, consequently, not without periods of discouragement. However, for all phases of that life-long struggle against self—that something of the Great Self may incarnate—there is no lack of instruction and encouragement. Poets and philosophers, as well as Avatars and saints, have written words to hearten us on our way.

> We cannot kindle when we will
> The fire which in the heart resides;
> The spirit bloweth and is still,
> In mystery our soul abides.
> But tasks in hours of insight will'd
> Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

If we persist honestly in our determination, we become aware of companions, fellow-soldiers in that spiritual warfare. It is not a lone fight that a man wages, nor is he an isolated unit threatened by an encompassing universe of hostility. Men, brothers, are at his side, the noblest of the earth. Still others, greater than these, make up the exhilarating companionship that marches toward the goal of life. For the "spirits of just men made perfect", those who have, in some degree, consummated their work—great and magnanimous artists—join themselves to the novices of this Way. However rough the road and dark the night, however suffocating the pressure that hems us in, it is *they* who guide us along this "narrow path" of the Art of Life, which leads to the Eternal.

R.H.B.

Of nothing may we be more sure than this: that if we cannot sanctify our presen lot, we could sanctify no other. Our heaven and our Almighty Father are there or nowhere. The obstructions of that lot are given us to heave away by the concurrent touch of a holy spirit, and labour of strenuous will; its gloom for us to tint with some celestial light; its mysteries are for our worship; its sorrows for our trust; its perils for our courage; its temptations for our faith. Soldiers of the Cross, it is not for us, but for our Leader and our Lord, to choose the field; it is ours, taking the station which He assigns, to make it the field of truth and honour, though it be the field of death.—J. MARTINEAU.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THE Historian had been asked what he thought of the situation in Europe. We had been discussing the effect of war upon business conditions in America, and had agreed that although this country would go to almost any lengths to remain neutral, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for the Government to maintain such an attitude for long. Before the Historian could answer our question, a visitor arrived, and it seemed only courteous to tell him the drift of our conversation. It became evident at once that he was an ardent Pacifist. "Never again", he said, "should America become involved in war. War is inherently evil. We should maintain friendly relations with our neighbours, thanking God that the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans keep the rest of the world at a safe distance."

"Forgive me", the Philosopher commented, "but are you not making some questionable assumptions? War, you say, is inherently evil; but if Japan were to land an army on the West Coast and were to destroy San Francisco, and were then to march her army toward the Rockies, would you say that the armed effort of this country to throw the Japanese into the Pacific would be evil? Would you advocate a policy of non-resistance?"

"The Japanese know better than to attempt such a thing", was the reply.

"But you are not answering my question."

"There is no need. Your question is based upon an impossibility."

"That, too, is an assumption. Huxley, perhaps the greatest of the Agnostics, laid it down that 'nothing is impossible except a contradiction in terms'. I must maintain, therefore, that the only factor which *might* make a Japanese invasion impossible would be the ability of the American fleet to sink the Japanese fleet and the transports conveying the Japanese army of invasion. Would you object to that? It would mean, of course, the death of a hundred thousand Japanese or so, but, as against that, saving the lives of more than a hundred thousand peace-loving Americans like yourself. Would you object to that? Would the act of the American navy be 'inherently evil'?"

"I can only repeat", replied our visitor, "that you are postulating something that is fundamentally inconceivable."

"I am sorry, but if you cannot conceive of it, I can. So, I believe, could most people. Allow me, however, to ask you another question. Can you conceive of an invasion of France by Germany,—and, before you reply, let me remind you that such a thing *has* happened."

"I can conceive of it", was the reply; "but to be able to conceive of an event does not imply the probability of its occurrence."

"Fortunately", smiled the Philosopher, "the question of probability is not involved. I am glad you can conceive of the repetition of an invasion. Now

may I ask: would it be inherently evil or wrong of France to use armed force to repel the invaders?"

"There will never be any peace in the world", said our visitor, "until the nations disarm."

"That is not an answer to my question; but let me ask you this: do you think there would be no fighting in Spain to-day if neither side had cannon?"

"How *could* they fight if they had no deadly weapons?"

"There is always the family carving-knife", suggested the Philosopher mildly; "and what is good enough for the family pig is likely to come in handy against a neighbour. Have you ever seen two unarmed men fight, not according to Queensberry or any other rules, but with naked hands, trying to gouge out one another's eyes? I have, and I should have vastly preferred to see them fighting with swords or revolvers or bombs; while a fight at long range, with rifles or cannon, would have been humane—positively refined—in comparison."

The Philosopher is patient, and his whole tone and manner had been polite throughout; but our visitor's refusal to meet the problem squarely and honestly had become exasperating, so there was sharpness in the statement that followed. "The trouble with you is that you have lived all your life under the protection of an Irish policeman, whose revolver is not visible, though it is there to be used just the same. You do not realize that you are alive to-day solely because of that other man's readiness to draw, shoot, and kill. You live in a world of utter illusion, refusing to look at any fact which is not pleasant and which does not fit into your theory of things as they 'ought' to be. You are typical of Pacifists the world over."

As usual, after a discussion of this sort, our visitor remained of the same opinion still. It was evident that his views were based, not upon reason or experience, but solely upon emotional preferences. Hating the idea of war, both for himself and his children, war forthwith became for him an inexcusable evil, regardless of the motive which prompted it. His fear of it being infinitely greater than his respect for facts, he did not even have to shake these off him: they fell off him, as water from a duck's back. He had, indeed, reached the point at which facts, in this connection, no longer irritated him; he smiled at them as one smiles at some childish notion long since discarded.

Most people are like that in some direction or another. All of us live in a world of illusion; a few know it; the majority, within the universal illusion, build around them a cocoon of cultivated, carefully conserved illusions, to protect themselves against the unpleasantness of the larger unreality. They seem to find this less trouble (for man, though frenziedly busy, is fundamentally inert) than forcing their way through the surface of things to the underlying truth—to the beauty and joy and promise which appearances conceal.

We did not say this, however, to our visitor; it would have been useless. No man is past praying for; but he was one of the many who are past any other manner of approach. So we reminded the Historian of our original question: what did he think of the situation in Europe?

"You might as well ask me what I think of the weather", was his response.

"Naturally I have an opinion as to to-day's weather, just as you have; but this is August, and the QUARTERLY will not appear until October. To-day is sultry, threatening, suffocatingly hot; by the time the merciless and, at this moment, perspiring Recorder turns in his 'copy', he may be shivering in a gale of icy wind, with hailstones as big as cherries hurtling at him, amidst earsplitting thunder and appalling lightning; on the other hand it may be a bright autumn day, with the wind set for fair. Like the present weather, the situation in Europe changes with disconcerting rapidity, and although matters *seem* to be going from bad to worse, anyone who attempted to forecast a month ahead, would write himself down an ignoramus. Meanwhile, the effort of the Lodge, as I interpret it, is to force each nation to show its hand, to reveal its real nature and aims. I believe, in other words, not so much because, as in spite of the Great Pyramid-plus-Bible interpreters, that we are approaching a Judgment of the Nations,—not a final Judgment, but something resembling a cyclic stock-taking. Even this country, which seems to care for nothing except its own material comfort, which seems to seek nothing except 'prosperity', may not be hopelessly damned. Events might easily arouse its somnolent manhood, and might, in time, free it from its prevailing Pacifist, materialistic obsessions. Instead of feeding themselves on glittering generalities, Americans might be forced *to think*—though I suspect it would need a rain of bombs from the air on New York and Washington, to bring this about. However, such things might happen."

"To what kind of 'glittering generalities' do you refer?" someone asked.

"This morning's paper supplies at least one illustration of what I mean. There is a heading: 'Text of Roosevelt Letter to Labor'. The letter contains this paragraph:

> I am certain that you and your associates are coming to Washington to join in a thorough consideration of the vital issues of the time, and to consider how best to cooperate in the great task of promoting national progress *and of enlarging the sphere of human rights through democracy of opportunity.*

"If the words italicized are not a glittering but quite meaningless generality, please tell me what they mean. Labour is said to have been delighted with them, as with similar expressions in the same letter,—such as, 'seeking new means for the restoration of equality of opportunity', and, 'the restoration and preservation of human liberty and human rights'. If an ordinary politician, instead of the President of the United States, had enunciated those sentiments, one could imagine him saying to himself, with immense satisfaction: 'That will tickle them; it sounds as if it might mean a lot; but no one will be able to hold me to anything; they can read all the meanings they choose into it.' Incidentally—although this is not my point—there is much in that letter about human rights, and not a single reference to human duties; yet all of the world's great men have declared, and all of history proves, that the performance of a duty is the only possible justification for the assertion of a right. Thus, no man has a *right* to a day's pay until he has done his duty, until he has done a day's work. It is a principle of universal application.

"What, again, is the meaning of 'democracy of opportunity'? A phrase without a meaning, so far as I can make out! Democracy means, 'government by the people'; but how can the people control opportunity? Nature will have none of it. One man is born blind; one has a strong body, his neighbour a weak one; one has a good brain in a sound body, but a weak will, while another (like Darwin) has a good brain in a sickly body, and revolutionizes human thought. Is *character* something that can be legislated into a man? I could keep a whole Legislature busy on mine, if that would do me any good!

"Theosophy, of course, goes into the problem more deeply than that, by showing how man creates his own opportunities; but a modicum of thinking should be sufficient to show the emptiness of such words as 'democracy of opportunity'. None the less, not only the American mob, but a large section of the American 'intelligentzia', loves and is bewitched by cant of that kind,—the more vacuous, the more impressive."

"There was a delightful instance of that the other day", commented the Student, "in the *New York Times*, which publishes daily a signed review of some book which is likely to be read by people of the reviewer's immediate circle. The book reviewed was *The People, Yes*, 'a magnificent poem' (according to the reviewer) by Carl Sandburg: 'a great and moving affirmation of the sort that could have come only out of America, a statement, in free verse forms, of much that America has stood for and stands for. It is a vast metric democratic vista . . . poetry of a vital, stirring American sort.' One is led to think of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and perhaps, in another category, of Poe, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and others.

"Now for the reviewer's demonstration, his proof: he quotes a verse from this 'magnificent poem'. Here it is; I cut it out:

> Haven't the people gone on and on
> always taking more of their own?
> How can the orders of the day
> be against the people in this time?
> What can stop them from taking
> more and more of their own?"

Some of us gasped; then we laughed,—the "verse" was such an anti-climax to the praise.

"Inspiring, isn't it?"

"Very much so", the Philosopher unexpectedly agreed. "Just a second, and I'll be inspired to compose some more." Then, in a deep voice with a sort of wail in it, he declaimed:

> Oh the people, the people, pouring out of their homes for the movies, the movies,
> Like smoke belched from the chimneys of a factory town,
> A beastly factory town with smoke-belching chimneys, black and sooty chimneys,
> Pouring up to the frost-bitten sky, the aquamarine sky,
> Ever-moving, like the movies, the movies;
> The People, Yes; the great American people,
> Ever struggling for freedom, nobly struggling for freedom, at the movies."

"If you were to recite that at a political meeting, you'd bring the house down", laughed the Historian.

"What kind of political meeting?"

"Any kind", was the reply, "though university 'parlour Bolshies' would be especially enraptured. They would think it was something of Carl Sandburg's very own, presumably unpublished, perhaps in his 'earlier manner'."

"Has the *New York Times* no editor?" someone asked sardonically.

One of the editors of the QUARTERLY was present, and the question appeared to worry him.

"You cannot expect an editor to censor everything", he said; and he would have added more, but the Recorder, who wanted to get back to the main subject, signed to him to wait for a chance later. The editor, by his silence, acquiesced; whereupon the Englishman spoke up:

"I agree with the Historian in principle", he said, "but I like to note redeeming features; and they exist in this country as in most. The other day I drove behind a car with these words painted in red on its rear end: 'Step on it Buddy. Hell is only half full.' Bright idea,—what? Too many accidents and all that sort of thing."

"But you had no business to see the joke", expostulated the Student, with mock indignation (they are very good friends). "Englishmen are notoriously deficient in a sense of humour."

"Sad but true", the other replied. "It is notorious. But I did not suggest that I saw the joke *quite* as you did."

"Score", muttered the Scotchman.

In response to a mute appeal from the Recorder, the Historian now resumed his theme. "The subject of 'glittering generalities' ", he said, "was a digression, to which I must plead guilty. I had been saying that in my opinion there is hope, even for America, in what I believe to be the approaching Judgment of the Nations. There is hope for England, because events may compel her to make up her mind. Prime Minister Baldwin has no policy, no programme; he is waiting to see what will happen. He hesitates, because England hesitates,—most Englishmen seeming to feel 'safer' under Mr. Baldwin's leadership than they would if, unlike themselves, he knew his own mind. Because policy is no longer based upon principle, there is confusion everywhere about everything. France is a house divided against itself. The present government, headed by a Jew, is Socialistic, Masonic (which in France means atheistic), and pro-Soviet,—which throws the best and most intelligent of the French people into the arms of Fascist Italy. Wherever you look, next to an intense nationalism—too often perverted to evil ends, as in Germany—you find that what divides the world are the opposing principles now being fought out in Spain. But the Judgment of the Nations will not be based upon the conflict between Left and Right, if only because, taking Russia and Germany as representative of the two extremes, both are equally wrong,—are merely opposite aspects of the same evil spirit. The real issue is and ever will be: to what is each nation devoted *in its heart*? To Comfort, or Power, or to 'envy,

hatred, and malice', or to the preservation of its own material existence,—or to God? And events *must* bring that issue to the surface, must make it paramount, if, as I believe, the time for judgment is at hand. Once more, I do not mean the *final* judgment, although it is entirely possible that some nations, deservedly, will be wiped out of existence. Has not the same thing happened before? What is left of Assyria, except her bones!

> 'My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings. . . .'
> . . . Round the decay
> Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
> The lone and level sands stretch far away."

"Won't you go into further detail about the probable alignment of the nations?" the Student asked.

"That would be to attempt to judge them in advance", the Historian replied. "You can read articles in dozens of magazines published in England and France, and in two or three published in America, which attempt to do this. It is for us, as students of Theosophy, and on behalf of the QUARTERLY, to emphasize the basic principles at issue. Events will compel the nations to align themselves, some for God, some for the devil, in obedience to the dominant motive of each. When an Avatar incarnates, 'the thoughts of many hearts' are revealed, and certain crises or turning-points in the cyclic progress of the world, have a similar effect on nations. My belief is that we are rapidly approaching such a crisis. It was pointed out not many days ago in the *Wall Street Journal*, that for the first time in history as known to us, men are fighting against religion *as such*,—in Spain to-day; yesterday in Russia."

"Do you suppose that the Lodge will take any part outwardly in what you speak of as the Judgment of the Nations?" asked a younger student.

"Impossible to say; even if it did, there is not much likelihood that any but the few would recognize its intervention. Lord Kitchener was a Lodge instrument (notice, please, that I do not say or mean, *agent*), who saved Europe from destruction—saved civilization from barbarism; but even his admirers did not guess what lay behind his impenetrable mask. Envious politicians, such as Lloyd George, worked incessantly for his downfall, and would have succeeded if his elder brothers in the Lodge, outraged and indignant, had not called him home through the easy and welcome way of death. The world's debt to King Albert of Belgium, and, later, to Clemenceau, was incalculable, for how could the war have been won without them! But in those two cases the world, at least in some degree, recognizes its debt, while, in the case of Kitchener, his slanderers and detractors have succeeded in disparaging him to an extent which it will take years to counteract."

"You amaze me!" said the same younger student. "I have never thought of Kitchener in that light. Please tell me why you think he was an instrument of the Lodge."

"I cannot give you all my reasons", was the reply; "but his entire life suggests it. Obviously, from first to last, he was 'a man of destiny',—was being prepared for the supreme service he rendered. His brief experience of the

Franco-Prussian war in 1870; his early days in Palestine, Cyprus, Egypt; later in the Sudan, and as Commander-in-Chief in India, finally in Egypt again—all combined to give him an experience, both inner and outer, without which it would have been almost impossible for him to achieve what he did between August, 1914, and June, 1916, when he was drowned on the 'Hampshire'. Always, and with ever-increasing clearness, he sensed the responsibility that lay ahead of him. It was his duty, while commanding in India, to prepare for a possible attack by Russia; but even then, as his letters show, he was making the Indian position ready for the war he knew would be precipitated by Germany in Europe. I say he 'knew' it, because, in a sense, he was told such things interiorly. Some people who worked with him received the impression that he was a slow thinker, or that he was unduly reticent, or that he was 'uncanny' if not 'queer'. The explanation is that he was always struggling to 'bring through', into the front of his mind, the perception which had been given him from within, and that he concealed this effort with a mask of impassivity. He was guided and knew that he was guided,—although it was not until after his death, I think, that he understood fully the mystery of his 'double consciousness'. Most people would say that it was his extraordinary popularity and organizing ability which enabled him to get, first, 100,000 men within a fortnight, and then, within a year, 2,000,000 men to join the British army. But they cannot explain his prevision on any such basis as that. He alone among the military leaders of Europe, foresaw that the war would last for at least three years, as he announced to a sceptical Cabinet at the first meeting he attended as Secretary of State for War. Certain of this, he acted accordingly, refusing to send to the front, men whom he needed to train the new armies he had set out to create. Sir John French, Sir Henry Wilson, even Joffre and Foch protested that the war *must* be over in a few months; that new armies could not possibly be prepared in time to be of use, and that every available man should be sent over immediately. Kitchener was immovable; he knew; the others did not. He would send more than the number of men France had been promised, but he would not win battles at the cost of losing the war, and the millions he was determined to raise and train would be needed if ever the war were to be won.

"Then, Sir John French, Wilson, Sir Archibald Murray all insisted, in accord with Joffre, that the British Expeditionary Force should concentrate at Maubeuge. Kitchener declared Maubeuge to be too far forward, and favoured Amiens instead. Wilson, in his deplorable diary, relates that on August 12th, he, Sir John French, Murray, and three French officers, met in Kitchener's room at the War Office. 'There we wrangled with K. for three hours. K. wanted to go to Amiens. . . . He still thinks the Germans are coming north of the Meuse in great force, and will swamp us before we concentrate.' The question had to be referred to the Prime Minister, who felt obliged to support the majority opinion against Kitchener's. The British army, therefore, concentrating at Maubeuge, was pushed as far forward as it could go, and narrowly escaped annihilation in the course of its heroic retreat after the battle

of Mons. Kitchener, who had been absent from Europe for many years, with no opportunity to study the question with either the French or English General Staff, had 'divined' the German plan of envelopment,—the events of the following week proving that he had been right, and that the commanders of the English and French armies had not only been wrong, but had been wholly unprepared for what happened. He knew; the others did not. Yet he never reproached them for this; never claimed credit for his foresight."

"But you said that he had saved Europe."

"I did. In the case I have just cited, he was not allowed to save the British Expeditionary Force from the disasters of its initial retreat; but he *was* allowed, shortly afterwards, to prevent the betrayal of our Allies, the occupation of Paris by the Germans, and action which would have made impossible the Allied Victory of the Marne, without which, Germany undoubtedly would have won the war."

"How did he do that?"

"He did it by vetoing, on September 1st, 1914, the decision of Sir John French to withdraw the British army from the fighting line, and to make a definite and prolonged retreat, regardless of the needs of the French armies."

"I had forgotten that", said the younger student. "Are the facts on record?"

"Certainly they are", the Historian replied. Then, turning to the Recorder, he asked: "Have you Sir George Arthur's *Life of Lord Kitchener* within easy reach?" Supplied with this, he continued, after a moment's search: "In the third volume, chapter ninety-seven, you will find all the particulars. Kitchener first heard of Sir John's decision from General Robb, the Inspector-General of Communications in France. In reply to Kitchener's urgent inquiry, Sir John telegraphed: 'I have decided to begin my retirement to-morrow in the morning behind the Seine in a south-westerly direction west of Paris. This means marching for some eight days. . . .' Sir John followed this with a letter in which he said: 'I have been pressed very hard to remain, even in my shattered condition, in the fighting line; but I have absolutely refused to do so, and I hope you will approve of the course I have taken'.

"Kitchener's self-control in these circumstances was extraordinary. General Sir Ian Hamilton, who knew him well, wrote of him that although he was 'Impassive as a rock in appearance, he was really a bundle of sensitive and highly-strung nerves kept under control 999 hours out of 1000 by an iron will'. Yet, instead of giving vent to his indignation, as he might well have done, he telegraphed to Sir John: 'I am surprised at your decision to retire behind the Seine. Please let me know, if you can, all your reasons for this move. What will be the effect of this course upon your relations with the French Army and on the general military situation? Will your retirement leave a gap in the French line or cause them discouragement [Kitchener knew well that both results would follow], of which the Germans might take advantage to carry out their first programme of first crushing the French, and then being free to attack Russia?'

"Sir John's reply only reiterated his reasons for the independent retreat

which Kitchener regarded as intolerable, knowing, as Sir George Arthur says, that the mere appearance of deserting the French when their troops were giving ground to the invader and Paris was threatened, would be an irreparable disaster. Most fortunately, on this occasion, the Prime Minister and the Cabinet supported Kitchener, who decided to cross the Channel immediately and to see Sir John in person. They met at the British Embassy in Paris, at first in the presence of the Ambassador, and of Millerand and Viviani. According to Arthur Hodges, in his recent book, *Lord Kitchener*—which is recommended both by Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood and by Sir George Arthur—Sir John obstinately adhered to his previous determination. The Frenchmen then suggested that Kitchener and Sir John should see Joffre. Sir John objected. Kitchener then asked for a private room in which he and Sir John could talk together alone. What happened in that room is not known. The fate of Europe was at stake, and Kitchener knew it. According to Hodges, the result of this private interview was that Sir John left the room 'subdued, sobered and obedient'. What we know is that Kitchener wrote to Sir John that evening (September 1st), saying he had telegraphed to the Cabinet in London that Sir John's 'troops are now engaged in the fighting line, where he will remain conforming to the movements of the French army', and that Kitchener, to avoid any possibility of misunderstanding, concluded his letter by saying: 'Please consider it [the decision conveyed in the telegram] *as an instruction*'. Four days later (September 5th), the Battle of the Marne was begun,—the British army in the fighting line, an essential link in the Allied chain. All authorities are agreed—German included—that the resulting victory won the war. Am I not justified in saying that Kitchener saved Europe?"

The rest of us had listened breathlessly to the Historian's recital. How it brought back the agony of that time! None of these details were known then (save on the 'inside'); but more than one of us had realized the danger almost as if the life of our dearest had been at stake. So we did not wait for the younger student's assent, but agreed that the Historian had proved his case.

"I should like to understand better about Kitchener", someone now said. "Do you mean that he was conscious of his Lodge connection?"

"I think he was one of those incarnations, not infrequent in history, of a chêla of the Lodge who sacrifices, during the whole or the greater part of that lifetime, much of his awareness of the Lodge, in order to do some special work in the world. He leaves behind him, as it were, some of his spiritual attainments, certain strata of his consciousness, partly because these would hinder rather than aid him in the fulfilment of his mission, partly because the Karma of his nation and of the world would not justify the outer participation of a fully conscious chêla in positions such as Kitchener occupied. The same principle applies to a few of the Christian saints: they could not have accomplished what they did if they had been aware, during incarnation, of their Lodge connection; their personal consciousness *had* to be coloured by orthodox conceptions.

"Kitchener was remarkable in many ways. It was said, after his campaign in the Sudan, that women completely lost their heads over him. He received

innumerable letters from that source. He would not read them, but turned them over to a friend to burn, with instructions to make sure first that there was nothing of importance in them. Hodges quotes Lord Edward Cecil as saying of this that Kitchener 'placed women on a far higher level than is usual in these days, and it really hurt him to see or hear anything which touched his ideal'. He had warm friends among women, the old Marchioness of Salisbury, with whom he constantly corresponded, among them; but, for him, affection was impossible without respect, and his standards were both high and exacting.

"I wonder how many of you remember the message he sent to the rank and file of the Expeditionary Force before its departure for France in August, 1914. He must have been overwhelmed with work, but he made time, none the less, to draft this message with his own hand:

(*This paper is to be considered by each soldier as confidential, and to be kept in his Active Service Pay Book.*)

You are ordered abroad as a soldier of the King to help our French comrades against the invasion of a common Enemy. You have to perform a task which will need your courage, your energy, your patience. Remember that the honour of the British Army depends on your individual conduct. It will be your duty not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire, but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this struggle. The operations in which you are engaged will, for the most part, take place in a friendly country, and you can do your own country no better service than in showing yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of a British soldier.

Be invariably courteous, considerate, and kind. Never do anything likely to injure or destroy property, and always look upon looting as a disgraceful act. You are sure to meet with a welcome and to be trusted; your conduct must justify that welcome and that trust. Your duty cannot be done unless your health is sound. So keep constantly on your guard against any excesses. In this new experience you may find temptations both in wine and women. You must entirely resist both temptations, and, while treating all women with perfect courtesy, you should avoid any intimacy.

Do your duty bravely.
Fear God.
Honour the King.

KITCHENER,
Field-Marshal.

"All his life, Kitchener had practised what he now preached. Not often, if ever, in history, do you find advice of that kind given by an outstanding military leader to his troops.

"He had purity in the occult sense also. Sir George Arthur—a man of wide experience, who 'knew everybody', and who acted as Kitchener's Private Secretary at the War Office from 1914 to 1916—writes that the masses, usually suspicious of prominent soldiers, regarded him as 'supremely trustworthy because *supremely selfless*'. The same authority says of him: 'No one could leave his company without the impression of a personality majestically solitary in an inexplicable distinction'. The natives of India used to say of him: 'He should be a King'."

" 'Let us talk of great men'," quoted the Philosopher. "What a delight it is. Please go on. More than ever do we need it in this day of pygmies."

Said the younger student: "I agree that you have proved your case, which was, that Kitchener had saved Europe; but the facts you have recited, while of intense interest, might be accounted for, I think, on the basis of extraordinary but entirely normal military foresight. What did he do which would suggest supernormal guidance?"

"You must remember", the Historian replied, "that those early days of the war, before Kitchener had raised, armed and trained his millions, and before trench warfare had stabilized the situation, were immensely critical. Until the end of 1914, an extra Division of British troops, thrown into the fighting line *at the right moment*, made all the difference. I have mentioned already that Kitchener, resisting the urgent entreaties of Sir John French, of Joffre and Foch, to send over every available man immediately, took the stand that he must keep enough of all ranks in England to train the new armies he was creating, and, at first, to enable him to deal with any attempt by the Germans to land an invading force on the English coast. Meanwhile, however, he was desperately anxious to reinforce Sir John in so far as that was wise and possible, and was replacing regular British troops, stationed in India, Malta, Egypt, China, Singapore and other British possessions, either with native troops from India, or with untrained Territorials from England.

"In reply to a cry of distress from Sir John during the retreat from Mons, Kitchener wrote him (August 27th):

> But pray do not increase my troubles by the thought that if the [Sixth] Division had been with you, some of your men's lives might have been saved. Do remember that we shall have to go through much more fighting before we are out of the war, and that by prematurely putting all our eggs in one basket we might incur far greater losses. Believe me, had I been consulted on military matters during the last three years [as Sir John had been], I would have done everything in my power to prevent the present state of affairs in which this country finds itself.

"What I am leading up to is that the greatest military genius could not have foreseen the successive crises which occurred, nor have arranged that reinforcements should reach Sir John, in a seemingly miraculous way, at times when they made all the difference. Thus, the Fourth Division arrived in time to prevent disaster at the battle of Le Cateau, while, as Sir George Arthur says, if the Sixth Division had been despatched immediately after the Fourth, they would only have been involved in the retreat, and more or less crippled, without materially affecting the issue; instead of which they arrived fresh on the scene and contributed greatly to the success of operations at the battle of the Marne. Even more striking was Kitchener's provision of the Seventh to turn the scale against the German onslaught at the first battle of Ypres. The British Government wanted to keep this Division in England for Home Defence. No one, by ordinary means, could possibly have foreseen the dire need at Ypres. My thesis is that there were those in the Lodge who did foresee it, and that they were able to impress Kitchener with their foreknowl-

edge. Acting on this, he finally succeeded, though with considerable difficulty, in 'squeezing' this extra division from the Government ('squeezing' is Arthur's term), without which—and I again quote Arthur—'Ypres would almost certainly have fallen into the enemy's hands, Dunkirk must have been let go, and Calais itself could scarcely have been saved'.

"I am convinced that if, after Kitchener had raised the new armies and had completed his arrangements for the production of the guns and ammunition which the new armies would require, he had been placed in command of the armies in the field, and had been given a free hand without interference by the politicians,—he would have brought the war to a victorious end before his estimate of three years had been exceeded: that is, before September, 1917."

"That would have been several months before America took part in the actual fighting, would it not?"

"Yes. The American marines were the first unit to take the aggressive,—at Château-Thierry (Belleau Wood) in June, 1918."

"Which means", commented the Philosopher, "that if the Allies had won the war by September, 1917, practically no American lives would have been lost in France; America would have had no opportunity to show what she can do when she tries, and that, instead of the 'never again' attitude of to-day, this country might almost be looking for a chance to prove that she is *not* 'too proud to fight'!"

"I want to reinforce my opinion that Kitchener, if given the chance, could have won the war long before November, 1918", the Historian resumed. "If you are sufficiently interested in the subject, let me refer you to the defence of Kitchener in Lord Birkenhead's *Points of View*, against the detestable *Tragedy of Lord Kitchener* by Esher. Have you Birkenhead's book?" When this was produced, the Historian continued: "Some of you may remember Lord Birkenhead better as F. E. Smith. He writes very moderately, evidently being a personal friend of most of those involved. This is the statement I had in mind:

> Lord Esher has himself recognized the fundamental truth in a passage which exposes the unsoundness of many of his own conclusions: "If the conduct of the war had been placed in his [Kitchener's] hands, if he had had from the first the help of a trained General Staff Officer of anything like the calibre of Sir Douglas Haig [evidently a pet of Esher's] . . . he might have altered the course of the War, and ended it in 1916."

"The point is that Kitchener had no Staff, was compelled to perform its proper functions as well as his own, and that, above all, his authority, in little as in big, was at the mercy of politicians, only a few of whom supported him,—the others either thinking they knew more about war than he did, or hating him for his popularity and because he stood in the path of their ambition to shine as national saviours."

"What is known about Kitchener's religion?" the younger student asked.

"He was not communicative on that or on any other subject", the Historian replied. "It is known that while a very young man at the School of Military Engineering at Chatham, he was on intimate terms with one of the Instructors,

Colonel Williams; that both of them were High Churchmen, and that Williams, after Kitchener's death, wrote of him:

> He was a practical and practising Churchman always, and at Chatham habitually observed fast and festival—the former none too easy a matter in a military mess. He would whisper to me as we sat next one another, "This is a fast day; we must get hold of something we don't like." . . . I am sure his real attitude towards the Church knew no change.

"In 1876, after his first visit to Palestine, he was enrolled in the Army Guild of the Holy Standard, of which he remained a member to the end of his life. Sir George Arthur, who knew him in much later years, says,—here is the passage:

> . . . It seemed as if a conflict between good and evil had been fought and decided in his soul at some early stage of existence, as if in respect of so many things that matter so much to the man of the world, the prince of this world might come to him and find nothing. . . . Christianity was to him not an attitude but an atmosphere—and an atmosphere wherein he could breathe freely, without stinting his admiration for the intensity of devotion which marks religion in that East, where so much of his manhood was spent.

"What he was in himself, aided, doubtless, by his long residence in the East, his close contact with Oriental peoples, and by his command of several Oriental languages, made Kitchener, not a member of the Society, but a Theosophist in fact. In a book entitled *These Men were Masons*, it is said that he was initiated into Freemasonry while in Egypt in 1883, and that, continuously active as a Mason, he was 'exalted', several years later, into Royal Arch Masonry, occupying positions which involved an immense amount of hard work in order to become proficient. In 1899, he became head of the Craft in Egypt. While Commander-in-Chief in India, out of the many Lodges there, he selected the *Himalayan Brotherhood* Lodge of Simla as his own, and in 1907 had the unusual experience of initiating an Amir of Afghanistan into Masonry—the Amir who remained, in spite of German intrigue, staunchly loyal to England throughout the Great War, largely, it is said, on account of his personal regard for, and sense of indebtedness to, Kitchener. It is interesting to note, by the way, that the Koran was used during the Amir's initiation.

"But that is all of the surface,—a pale reflection, at best, of his inner life. He was a man of meditation and prayer, a mystic in the truest and deepest sense. Often during the Great War, in the very early morning, he was to be seen in Westminster Abbey, in the dim chapel behind Poet's Corner, praying.

"With all this, he was a delightful host, entertaining lavishly at Simla and whenever his position required him to do so. He was happier in his garden, working and supervising, than anywhere else. He disliked a crowd, but always wanted friends with him. He keenly enjoyed humour, so long as it kept within the bounds of good taste. (Coarse men would have called him a prude, if they had dared)."

"Why did you lay such emphasis on the name of the Masonic Lodge he joined in Simla?"

"Because I think that most students of Theosophy will see the significance of its title,—not, the Himalayan Lodge, but, the Himalayan Brotherhood Lodge. Remember that when H.P.B. was in Simla in the early days of the Society, the Great Lodge was usually referred to as the Himalayan Brotherhood. Kitchener's Masonic Lodge had been named after that Brotherhood, not after the Himalayan mountains. Does not the fact of his joining it, when every Lodge in India would have welcomed him, suggest that he knew what he was doing, and why,—that he believed in, if he did not positively know of, the existence of the Lodge of Masters?"

"His critics say that he failed, with tragic consequences, to supply the British armies with the ammunition—especially with the high explosive shells—which they so badly needed."

"A cruel and monstrous slander", the Historian replied. "It is too long a story to tell this afternoon. I must refer you to the third volume of Arthur's *Life*, or to the inexpensive *Kitchener: Soldier and Statesman*, by S. Stuart Starritt. Briefly stated the facts are that when Kitchener was called to the War Office in 1914, his first comment after he arrived there was: 'There is no Army'; second, that he began at once to prepare for an unlimited supply of ammunition; that this involved the creation of huge new factories, innumerable tools, the training of mechanics, the production of chemicals in quantities previously unheard of, and that as soon as Kitchener's organizing ability and untiring energy and foresight had begun to bear fruit, Lloyd George stepped in; got himself appointed Minister of Munitions, reaped what Kitchener had sown; thereafter claimed the credit for Kitchener's achievement, and has never protested against the allegation by Kitchener's enemies that he, Lloyd George, 'saved the day' after the War Secretary's 'failure'."

"Who were his enemies?"

"Politicians: a few of them in the army; most of them—just politicians."

"It has been said by some of his admirers", the Philosopher now remarked, "that if he had been alive during the Peace Conference in Paris in 1919, he would have adopted the same generous attitude toward the Germans that he had adopted in South Africa (in opposition to Lord Milner) toward the Boers. What do you think of that?"

"I am sorry he should have such admirers, for they attribute to him the sentimentality and rabbit-mindedness which exist in themselves. Kitchener knew differences, and would *not* have treated Arabs, Egyptian fellahin, Sikhs, Pathans, Bengalis, French, Russians, Germans and Boers, as if they were all alike. The Boers fought like gentlemen, and British Army officers had the greatest admiration and respect for the Boer leaders—men like Botha, Smuts, De la Rey, and many others—not merely for their military genius, but for their humane treatment of prisoners, and for their personal integrity. Kitchener, who fought them to a finish, knew that they deserved to be treated generously, and that, furthermore, once they had signed a Treaty, they would abide by it. He knew, on the other hand, that the Germans did not fight like gentlemen; that they were inhuman and untrustworthy. Let me read to you

what Sir George Arthur, in close daily contact with Kitchener, has to say on this subject:

Professional zeal and almost cloistral notions of discipline may well have served to provoke a soldier's admiration for the splendid military machine revealed in the German Army. . . . But his military, no less than his human, sense was unutterably shocked by the baser uses to which a great engine of war was put. His own experience in contact with Germans had not been specially happy, but he had no reason to suppose that their fighting, however bitter, would be stained by positive dishonour. It was therefore with amazement, and some scepticism, that he received the first accounts of outrages in Belgium and France; and before accepting absolutely the reports of cruelties practised on British prisoners of war he caused the most careful inquiries to be made. But, when the truth was established to his full satisfaction, a marked change, to which he never hesitated to give expression, came over his feeling towards the enemy. The gross insults, the wanton torture, the more refined cruelties to which gallant folk were subjected, callously, constantly, and by authority, roused in him hot indignation. He knew how tragically the sufferings of the soldiers must react on their friends at home, and he knew to his grief that no exchange of prisoners could be effected before at least the equivalent of Germans was in our hands. "Until this maimed and scarred generation has passed away", he exclaimed to a friend, "no German should be allowed anything like permanent residence or social status in this country. Business must of course be done, but how can there be friendly relations?" A well-founded report of some more than usually diabolical outrages on wounded prisoners happened to reach him simultaneously with a note from a plutocrat of enemy birth, who asked him to be a guest on any evening he would name. "I am too busy fighting the Germans to dine with them", was the scornful comment.

"I had no intention, however, of occupying the better part of your afternoon with talk about Kitchener. The Recorder will not bless me for it!"

"On the contrary", the Recorder replied, "all is grist that comes to my mill; besides which, I have been deeply interested." Then, turning to that editor of the QUARTERLY whom he had "headed off" earlier in the conversation, he added with a laugh: "Now is your chance! It was to be a defence of editors, was it not?"

"Not exactly", was the reply. "My motives are mixed, as you will perhaps see" (with a slight emphasis, and a smile, at the "perhaps"). "I had wanted to say something to this effect:—appeals have often been made to members of the Society to learn to write, that they may contribute to the QUARTERLY without imposing too much labour on its editors. Not that its editors set themselves up as experts (we wish we were). All we claim is that long and rather exhausting practice has made us alive to certain cruder errors, and has familiarized us with certain fundamental principles, such as that there cannot be clear writing except as a result of clear thought,—a principle which applies, not only to the subject as a whole, and to logical sequence, but to each sentence and paragraph. Doubtless much escapes us, in spite of our best efforts; but, partly to illustrate what we mean, and perhaps partly to console ourselves for many failures, recognized only when the QUARTERLY is in the hands of our readers, beyond our reach, we quote from the London *Times Literary Supplement*, edited by some of the best among professionals,—and we are mere amateurs.

"Reviewing a book of African travel, the writer says (and the editors passed

it): 'For this young woman was travelling to Kenya with the apparently ridiculous hope of patting elephants hot within her.' As we read it, we caught our breath: 'elephants hot within her'—surely, a large order! It could not mean elephant steak, or elephant cutlet; besides, while some people appear to gloat over what they eat, we had never heard of their patting the thing once swallowed—not, that is, in 'good society'. So, without much effort, we concluded that what the reviewer had intended to say, and what the editor ought to have helped him to say, was: 'For this young woman was travelling to Kenya with the apparently ridiculous hope, hot within her, of patting elephants'.

"Of course we too might have missed it; but, as editors, we feel aggrieved when called upon to correct errors of that sort; we say to ourselves—Why on earth doesn't the man *think!* or, If only he had read it aloud to himself, he might have caught it! For this last method has saved us from many ghastly blunders, though too often, particularly in recent years, we have persuaded ourselves that lack of time does not permit this additional penance. Still, we should like our contributors, or some of them, to remember the lesson of the 'elephants hot within her',—even as we shall try to remember it."

"Who will sum it all up?" the Recorder now asked, turning to the Ancient.

"That there is but one thing in this wide universe which really matters", was the response, "namely, a man's relation with his Master, with his spiritual Father,—with the Master at the head of his Ray."

Eagerly one of our visitors, silent till now, interrupted with this question:

"Just what do you mean by a 'Master'?"

"The stereotyped answer to that is: one who, by his own efforts, has attained to union with the Supreme. My objection to that answer is that it may suggest a successful effort to achieve 'greatness'. The modern mind cannot conceive of anything superior to personal success; yet the first step toward spiritual attainment is to kill out personal ambition, while working as those work who are ambitious. Attainment means the complete abandonment of personal considerations. I should prefer to say, therefore, in reply to your question, that a Master is one whose love, and the wisdom which flows from perfected love, have not only obliterated self-love, but have raised him to oneness with the Oversoul or Logos."

"But what do you mean by the Master at the head of my *Ray*?"

" 'Ray' is a term used to suggest an idea which is also a fact. The universe is not an accident; it is constructed on the spiritual archetype of mathematical and architectural principles. In other words, it is a hierarchy of souls, extending from the infinitely great to the infinitely little, the greater transmitting the Divine Light and Life to those of lesser grade in the evolutionary scale. You receive from the grade above you in the hierarchy, or, as a Hindu might express it, along the line of the Guruparampara chain, leading back, or 'up', to a Master who, for you, focusses and transmits the Universal Light, —who, in truth, is the source of your own 'inner light', and who, in the case of a full chêla, has made that light an extension, as it were, of himself. Your 'Ray', then, is the ray of Divine Light which reaches you in that way."

"But how am I to know on which Ray I am? How am I to know who, out of many Masters, my Master is?"

"In the first place, as you were born in that part of the world which is presided over by the Master Christ, it may be that he is the head of your Ray (though that by no means necessarily follows), no matter how much 'further back' or 'higher up' that Ray may extend. Did not *he* speak of his 'Father in Heaven'? And is it not logical to suppose that even that greater 'Father' looks up to another Father still greater?

"In the second place, if you are conscious of receiving spiritual help from anyone who, though far from being a Master, at least knows who his Master is, you may find in this some indication of the direction in which to look. For the rest, 'Seek and ye shall find'."

"But why is it of such supreme importance 'to find'? Surely, if you live an upright and good life, if you work unselfishly for those you love, the future will take care of itself?"

"My friend", replied the Ancient, "I am not suggesting that you should worry about your future. Further, if you are satisfied with yourself as you now are, and with your life as it now is,—I can only wish you a speedy awakening. Until then, Theosophy is not for you. I am thinking of those who feel that life is a heavy burden, and who long for more Light; of those who find the rewards of life empty, and the best even of their love, a beginning rather than an end; of those who love justice and hate injustice, and who, seeing what looks like injustice everywhere, realize their impotence to prevent it. Above all, I am thinking of those who, in their heart of hearts, feel that there must be a meaning to things, if only they could find it, and a purpose in life which escapes them, but which perhaps they might share in, if only they could look beyond the surface to—they know not what. It is to these that Theosophy comes as a gift from heaven, with explanation, and a marvellous promise; for it points to experience as proving that man *can* know, *can* trust the highest and best in himself to lead him to the source of wisdom and understanding,—to the Master whose child he is, and whom to know and love and serve is, as I began by saying, the one thing in this wide universe that really matters, seeing that all else, in comparison, is trivial and lifeless. Apart from that Master, we may seek wisdom, but shall never find it, may seek peace of soul, or moral strength, or the ability to help our fellows,—only to learn at last that we have built on sand, and that 'dust to dust, ashes to ashes', is the end of all earthly or man-made things. 'Soul of my soul': until that cry is wrung from a man as a result of his innermost realization, he has not seen the way to himself, to his centre; has not, in the true sense, begun to live. That, as I see it, is the lesson, not only of our talk this afternoon, but of every hour of our existence. It is the teaching of every religion, and it is the beginning and end of Theosophy."

T.

REPRINT

CIVILIZATION, THE DEATH OF ART AND BEAUTY[1]

IN an interview with the celebrated Hungarian violinist, M. Remenyi, the *Pall Mall Gazette* reporter makes the artist narrate some very interesting experiences in the Far East. "I was the first European artist who ever played before the Mikado of Japan", he said; and reverting to that which has ever been a matter of deep regret for every lover of the artistic and the picturesque, the violinist added:—

On August 8th, 1886, I appeared before His Majesty—a day memorable, unfortunately, for the change of costume commanded by the Empress. She herself, abandoning the exquisite beauty of the feminine Japanese costume, appeared on that day for the first time and at my concert in European costume, and it made my heart ache to see her. I could have greeted her had I dared with a long wail of despair upon my travelled violin. Six ladies accompanied her, they themselves being clad in their native costume, and walking with infinite grace and charm.

Alas, alas, but this is not all! The Mikado—this hitherto sacred, mysterious, invisible and unreachable personage:—

The Mikado himself was in the uniform of a European general! At that time the Court etiquette was so strict, my accompanist was not permitted into His Majesty's drawing-room, and this was told me beforehand. I had a good *remplacement*, as my ambassador, Count Zaluski, who had been a pupil of Liszt, was able himself to accompany me. You will be astonished when I tell you that, having chosen for the first piece in the programme my transcription for the violin, of a C sharp minor polonaise by Chopin, a musical piece of the most intrinsic value and poetic depths, the Emperor, when I had finished, intimated to Count Ito, his first minister, that I should play it again. The Japanese taste is good. I was laden with presents of untold value, one item only being a gold-lacquer box of the seventeenth century. I played in Hong Kong and *outside* Canton, no European being allowed to live inside. There I made an interesting excursion to the Portuguese possession of Macao, visiting the cave where Camoens wrote his "Lusiad". It was very interesting to see outside the Chinese town of Macao a European Portuguese town which to this very day has remained unchanged since the sixteenth century. In the midst of the exquisite tropical vegetation of Java, and despite the terrific heat, I gave sixty-two concerts in sixty-seven days, travelling all over the island, inspecting its antiquities, the chief of which is a most wonderful Buddhist temple, the Boro Budhur, or Many Buddhas. This building contains six miles of figures, and is a solid pile of stone, larger than the pyramids. They have, these Javans, an extraordinarily sweet orchestra in the national Samelang, which consists of percussion instruments played by eighteen people; but to hear this orchestra, with its most weird Oriental chorus

[1] This article by H. P. Blavatsky appeared in *Lucifer* in May, 1891, the last number before her death, when she was too ill to read it in proof. Had she written it in 1936, what would she not have said, considering the world's vertiginous descent since her day, into further depths of degradation!—EDITORS.

and ecstatic dances, one must have had the privilege of being invited by the Sultan of Solo, "Sole Emperor of the World". I have seen and heard nothing more dreamy and poetic than the Serimpis danced by nine Royal Princesses.

Where are the Æsthetes of a few years ago? Or was this little confederation of the lovers of art but one of the soap-bubbles of our *fin de siècle*, rich in promise and suggestion of many a possibility, but dead in works and act? Or, if there are any true lovers of art yet left among them, why do they not organize and send out missionaries the world over, to tell picturesque Japan and other countries ready to fall victims that, to imitate the will-o'-the-wisp of European culture and fascination, means for a non-Christian land, the committing of suicide; that it means sacrificing one's individuality for an empty show and shadow; at best it is to exchange the original and the picturesque for the vulgar and the hideous. Truly and indeed it is high time that at last something should be done in this direction, and before the deceitful civilization of the conceited nations of but yesterday has irretrievably hypnotized the older races, and made them succumb to its upas-tree wiles and supposed superiority. Otherwise, old arts and artistic creations, everything original and unique will very soon disappear. Already national dresses and time-honoured customs, and everything beautiful, artistic, and worth preservation is fast disappearing from view. At no distant day, alas, the best relics of the past will perhaps be found only in museums in sorry, solitary, and be-ticketed samples preserved under glass!

Such is the work and the unavoidable result of our modern civilization. Skin-deep in reality in its visible effects, in the "blessings" it is alleged to have given to the world, its roots are rotten to the core. It is to its progress that selfishness and materialism, the greatest curses of the nations, are due; and the latter will most surely lead to the annihilation of art and of the appreciation of the truly harmonious and beautiful. Hitherto, materialism has only led to a universal tendency to unification on the material plane and a corresponding diversity on that of thought and spirit. It is this universal tendency which, by propelling humanity, through its ambition and selfish greed, to an incessant chase after wealth and the obtaining *at any price* of the supposed blessings of this life, causes it to aspire or rather gravitate to one level, the lowest of all—the plane of empty appearance. . Materialism, and indifference to all save the selfish realization of wealth and power, and the over-feeding of national and personal vanity, have gradually led nations and men to the almost entire oblivion of spiritual ideals, of the love of nature to the correct appreciation of things.[2] Like a hideous leprosy our Western civilization has eaten its way through all the quarters of the globe and hardened the human heart. "Soul-saving" is its deceitful, lying pretext; greed for additional revenue through opium, rum, and the inoculation of European vices—the real aim. In the far East it has infected with the spirit of imitation the higher classes of the "pagans"—save China, whose national conservatism deserves our respect;[3] and in Europe it has engrafted *fashion*—save the mark—even on the dirty, starving proletariat itself! For the last thirty years, as if some deceitful semblance of a reversion to the ancestral type

[2] We leave this sentence as printed in *Lucifer*, in spite of an obvious omission or error by the printer.—EDITORS.

[3] Alas, China also has now fallen! In 1891, American-educated Chinese—old bottles filled with new and very raw wine—had not yet destroyed the conservatism for which H.P.B. expressed respect.—EDITORS.

—awarded to men by the Darwinian theory in its moral added to its physical characteristics—were contemplated by an evil spirit tempting mankind, almost every race and nation under the sun in Asia has gone mad in its passion for aping Europe. This, added to the frantic endeavour to destroy Nature in every direction, and also every vestige of older civilizations—far superior to our own in arts, godliness, and the appreciation of the grandiose and harmonious—must result in such national calamities. Therefore do we find hitherto artistic and picturesque Japan succumbing wholly to the temptation of justifying the "ape theory" by *simianizing* its populations in order to bring the country on a level with canting, greedy and artificial Europe!

For certainly Europe is all this. It is canting and deceitful from its diplomats down to its custodians of religion, from its political down to its social laws, selfish, greedy and brutal beyond expression in its grabbing characteristics. And yet there are those who wonder at the gradual decadence of true art, as if art could exist without imagination, fancy, and a just appreciation of the beautiful in Nature, or without poetry and high religious, hence, metaphysical aspirations! The galleries of paintings and sculpture, we hear, become every year poorer in quality, if richer in quantity. It is lamented that while there is a plethora of ordinary productions, the greatest scarcity of remarkable pictures and statuary prevails. Is this not most evidently due to the facts that (*a*) the artists will very soon remain with no better models than *nature morte* (or "still life") to inspire themselves with; and (*b*) that the chief concern is not the creation of artistic objects, but their speedy sale and profits? Under such conditions, the fall of true art is only a natural consequence.

Owing to the triumphant march and the invasion of civilization, Nature, as well as man and ethics, is sacrificed, and is fast becoming artificial. Climates are changing, and the face of the whole world will soon be altered. Under the murderous hand of the pioneers of civilization, the destruction of whole primeval forests is leading to the drying up of rivers, and the opening of the Canal of Suez has changed the climate of Egypt as that of Panama will divert the course of the Gulf Stream. Almost tropical countries are now becoming cold and rainy, and fertile lands threaten to be soon transformed into sandy deserts. A few years more and there will not remain within a radius of fifty miles around our large cities one single rural spot inviolate from vulgar speculation. In scenery, the picturesque and the natural are daily replaced by the grotesque and the artificial. Scarce a landscape in England but the fair body of nature is desecrated by the advertisements of "Pears' Soap" and "Beecham's Pills". The pure air of the country is polluted with smoke, the smells of greasy railway-engines, and the sickening odours of gin, whiskey, and beer. And once that every natural spot in the surrounding scenery is gone, and the eye of the painter finds but the artificial and hideous products of modern speculation to rest upon, artistic taste will have to follow suit and disappear along with them.

"No man ever did or ever will work well, but either from actual sight, or sight of faith", says Ruskin, speaking of art. Thus, the first quarter of the coming century may witness painters of landscapes, who have never seen an

acre of land free from human improvement; and painters of figures whose ideas of female beauty of form will be based on the wasp-like pinched-in waists of corseted, hollow-chested and consumptive society *belles*. It is not from such models that a picture deserving of the definition of Horace—"a poem without words"—is produced. Artificially draped *Parisiennes* and London Cockneys sitting for Italian *contadini* or Arab Bedouins can never replace the genuine article; and both free Bedouins and genuine Italian peasant girls are, thanks to "civilization", fast becoming things of the past. Where shall artists find genuine models in the coming century, when the hosts of the free Nomads of the Desert, and perchance all the negro-tribes of Africa—or what will remain of them after their decimation by Christian cannons, and the rum and opium of the Christian civilizer—will have donned European coats and top hats? And that this is precisely what awaits art under the beneficial progress of modern civilization, is self-evident to all.

Aye! let us boast of the blessings of civilization, by all means. Let us brag of our sciences and the grand discoveries of the age, its achievements in mechanical arts, its railroads, telephones and electric batteries; but let us not forget, meanwhile, to purchase at fabulous prices (almost as great as those given in our day for a prize dog, or an old prima donna's song) the paintings and statuary of uncivilized, barbarous antiquity and of the middle ages: for such objects of art will be reproduced no more. Civilization has tolled their eleventh hour. It has rung the death-knell of the old arts, and the last decade of our century is summoning the world to the funeral of all that was grand, genuine, and original in the old civilizations. Would Raphael, O ye lovers of art, have created one single of his many Madonnas, had he had, instead of Fornarina and the once Juno-like women of the Trastevero of Rome to inspire his genius, only the present-day models, or the niched Virgins of the nooks and corners of modern Italy, in crinolines and high-heeled boots? Or would Andrea del Sarto have produced his famous "Venus and Cupid" from a modern East End working girl—one of the latest victims to fashion—holding under the shadow of a gigantic hat *à la mousquetaire*, feathered like the scalp of an Indian chief, a dirty, scrofulous brat from the slums? How could Titian have ever immortalized his golden-haired patrician ladies of Venice, had he been compelled to move all his life in the society of our actual "professional beauties", with their straw-coloured, dyed capillaries that transform human hair into the fur of a yellow Angora cat? May not one venture to state with the utmost confidence that the world would never have had the Athena Limnia of Phidias—that ideal of beauty *in face and form*—had Aspasia, the Milesian, or the fair daughters of Hellas, whether in the days of Pericles or in any other, disfigured that "form" with stays and bustle, and coated that "face" with white enamel, after the fashion of the varnished features of the mummies of the dead Egyptians.[4]

[4] It would be a joy for our readers and for us if H.P.B. were alive to criticize Epstein and others of his kind, and were able to express herself freely on the subject of gore-coloured finger-nails, yellow-ochre lips, and the unrestricted nudities of recent years. Automobiles, airplanes, wireless, the radio, the cinema, and "jazz"—all of them developments since 1891—would have given her further cause, and opportunity, to denounce the false gods she detested, and to insist that the real, the true, and the beautiful must for ever be the fruits of civilization, if it is to be worthy of that name.—EDITORS.

We see the same in architecture. Not even the genius of Michael Angelo himself could have failed to receive its death-blow at the first sight of the Eiffel Tower, or the Albert Hall, or more horrible still, the Albert Memorial. Nor, for the matter of that, could it have received any suggestive idea from the Colosseum and the palace of the Caesars, in their present *whitewashed* and *repaired* state! Whither then shall we, in our days of civilization, go to find the natural, or even simply the picturesque? Is it still to Italy, to Switzerland or Spain? But the Bay of Naples—even if its waters be as blue and transparent as on the day when the people of Cumæ selected its shores for a colony, and its surrounding scenery as gloriously beautiful as ever—thanks to that spirit of mimicry which has infected sea and land, has now lost its most artistic and most original features. It is bereft of its lazy, dirty, but intensely picturesque figures of old; of its *lazzaroni* and *barcarolos*, its fishermen and country girls. Instead of the former's red or blue Phrygian cap, and the latter's statuesque, half-nude figure and poetical rags, we see now-a-days but the caricatured specimens of modern civilization and fashion. The gay *tarantella* resounds no longer on the cool sands of the moonlit shore; it is replaced by that libel on Terpsichore, the modern quadrille, in the gas-lit, gin-smelling sailor's *trattorias*. Filth still pervades the land, as of yore; but it is made the more apparent on the threadbare city coat, the mangled chimney-pot hat and the once fashionable, now cast-away European bonnet. Picked up in the hotel gutters, they now grace the unkempt heads of the once picturesque Neapolitans. The type of the latter has died out, and there is nothing to distinguish the *lazzaroni* from the Venetian *gondoliere*, the Calabrian brigand, or the London street-sweeper and beggar. The still, sunlit waters of *Canal Grande* bear no longer their gondolas, filled on festival days with gaily dressed Venetians, with picturesque boatmen and girls. The black gondola that glides silently under the heavy carved balconies of the old patrician palazze, reminds one now more of a black floating coffin, with a solemn-looking, dark-clothed undertaker paddling it on towards the Styx, than of the gondola of thirty years ago.[5] Venice looks more gloomy now than during the days of Austrian slavery from which it was rescued by Napoleon III. Once on shore, its *gondoliere* is scarcely distinguishable from his "fare", the British M. P. on his holiday-tour in the old city of the Doges. Such is the levelling hand of all-destroying civilization.

It is the same all over Europe. Look at Switzerland. Hardly a decade ago, every Canton had its distinguishing national costume, as clean and fresh as it was peculiar. Now the people are ashamed to wear it. They want to be mistaken for foreign guests, to be regarded as a civilized nation which follows suit even in fashion. Cross over to Spain.[6] Of all the relics of old, the smell of rancid oil and garlic is alone left to remind one of the poetry of the old days in the country of the Cid. The graceful mantilla has almost disappeared; the proud hidalgo-beggar has taken himself off from the street-corner; the nightly seren-

[5] To-day, even the black gondola is a relic; motor-boats have taken their place. Motor-boats are faster, and Venice must be "done" in twenty-four hours.—EDITORS.

[6] And Spain to-day, in the throes of a savage civil war, with a hideous outcome, probably, whichever side wins! —EDITORS.

ades of love-sick Romeos are gone out of fashion; and the duenna contemplates going in for woman's rights. The members of the "Social Purity" Associations may say "thank God" to this, and lay the change at the door of Christian and moral reforms of civilization. But has morality gained anything in Spain with the disappearance of the nocturnal lovers and duennas? We have every right to say, *no*. A Don Juan *outside* a house is less dangerous than one *inside*. Social immorality is as rife as ever—if not more so—in Spain, and it must be so, indeed, when even *Harper's Guide Book* quotes in its last edition as follows: "Morals in all classes, especially in the higher, are in the most degraded state. Veils, indeed, are thrown aside, and serenades are rare, but gallantry and intrigue are as active as ever. The men think little of their married obligations; the women . . . are willing victims of unprincipled gallantry" (*Spain*, "Madrid," page 678). In this, Spain is but on a par with all other countries civilized or now civilizing, and is assuredly not worse than many another country that could be named; but that which may be said of it with truth is, that what it has lost in poetry through civilization, it has gained in hypocrisy and loose morals. The *Cortejo* has turned into the *petit crevé;* the castanets have become silent, because, perhaps, the noise of the uncorked champagne bottles affords more excitement to the rapidly civilizing nation; and the *Andalouse au teint bruni* having taken to cosmetics and face-enamel, "la Marquesa d'Almedi" may be said to have been buried with Alfred de Musset.

The gods have indeed been propitious to the Alhambra. They have permitted it to be burnt before its chaste Moresque beauty had been finally desecrated, as are the rock-cut temples of India, the Pyramids and other relics by drunken orgies. This superb relic of the Moors had already suffered, once before, by Christian improvement. It is a tradition still told in Granada, and history too, that the monks of Ferdinand and Isabella had made of Alhambra—that "palace of petrified flowers dyed with the hues of the wings of angels" —a filthy prison for thieves and murderers. Modern speculators might have done worse; they might have polluted its walls and pearl-inlaid ceilings, the lovely gilding and stucco, the fairy-like arabesques, and the marble and gossamer-like carvings, with commercial advertisements, after the Inquisitors had already once before covered the building with whitewash and permitted the prison-keepers to use Alhambra Halls for their donkeys and cattle. Doubting but little that the fury of the *Madrilenos* for imitating the French and English must have already, at this stage of modern civilization, infected every province of Spain, we may regard that lovely country as dead. A friend speaks, as an eye-witness, of "cocktails" spilled near the marble fountain of the Alhambra, over the blood-marks left by the hapless Abancerages slain by Boabdil, and of a Parisian *cancan pur sang* performed by working girls and soldiers of Granada, in the Court of Lions!

But these are only trifling signs of the time and the spread of *culture* among the middle and the lower classes. Wherever the spirit of aping possesses the heart of the nation—the poor working classes—there the elements of nationality disappear and the country is on the eve of losing its individuality and all things

change for the worse. What is the use of talking so loudly of "the benefits of *Christian* civilization", of its having softened public morals, refined national customs and manners, etc., etc., when our modern civilization has achieved quite the reverse! Civilization has depended, for ages, says Burke, "upon two principles . . . the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion". And how many true *gentlemen* have we left, when compared even with the days of half-barbarous knighthood? Religion has become canting hypocrisy and the genuine religious spirit is regarded now-a-days as insanity. Civilization, it is averred, "has destroyed brigandage, established public security, elevated morality and built railways which now honeycomb the face of the globe". Indeed? Let us analyze seriously and impartially all these "benefits" and we shall soon find that civilization has done nothing of the kind. At best it has put a false nose on every evil of the Past, adding hypocrisy and false pretence to the natural ugliness of each. If it is true to say that it has put down in some civilized centres of Europe —near Rome, in the Bois de Boulogne or on Hampstead Heath—*banditti* and highway-men, it is also as true that it has, thereby, destroyed robbery only as a speciality, the latter having now become a common occupation in every city great or small. The robber and cut-throat has only exchanged his dress and appearance by donning the livery of civilization—the ugly modern attire. Instead of being robbed under the vault of thick woods and the protection of darkness, people are robbed now-a-days under the electric light of saloons and the protection of trade-laws and police-regulations.[7] As to open day-light brigandage, the *Mafia* of New Orleans and the *Mala Vita* of Sicily, with high officialdom, population, police, and jury forced to play into the hands of regularly organized bands of murderers, thieves and tyrants[8] in the full glare of European "culture", show how far our civilization has succeeded in establishing public security, or Christian religion in softening the hearts of men and the ways and customs of a barbarous past. Modern Cyclopædias are very fond of expatiating upon the decadence of Rome and its *pagan* horrors. But if the latest editions of the *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography* were honest enough to make a parallel between those "monsters of depravity" of ancient civilization, Messalina and Faustina, Nero and Commodus, and modern European aristocracy, it might be found that the latter could give odds to the former —in social hypocrisy, at any rate. Between "the shameless and beastly debauchery" of an Emperor Commodus, and as beastly a depravity of more than one "Honourable", high official representative of the people, the only difference to be found is that while Commodus was a member of all the sacerdotal colleges of Paganism, the modern debauchee may be a high member of the Evangelical Christian Churches, a distinguished and pious pupil of Moody and Sankey and what not. It is not the Calchas of Homer, who was the type of the Calchas in the Operette "La Belle Helène", but the modern sacerdotal Pecksniff and his followers.

As to the blessings of railways and "the annihilation of space and time",

[7] Fifth Avenue in New York to-day has as many robberies and murders as any locality in the past.—EDITORS.

[8] Read the "Cut Throats' Paradise" in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1877, and the digest of it in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of April 15th, 1891, "Murder as a Profession" [H.P.B.].

it is still an undecided question—without speaking of the misery and starvation the introduction of steam engines and machinery in general has brought for years on those who depend on their manual labour—whether railways do not kill more people in one month than the brigands of all Europe used to murder in a whole year. The victims of railroads, moreover, are killed under circumstances which surpass in horror anything the cut-throats may have devised. One reads almost daily of railway disasters in which people are "burned to death in the blazing wreckage", "mangled and crushed out of recognition" and killed by dozens and scores.[9] This is a trifle worse than the highwaymen of old Newgate.

Nor has crime been abated at all by the spread of civilization; though owing to the progress of science in chemistry and physics, it has become more secure from detection and more ghastly in its realization than it ever has been. Speak of Christian civilization having improved public morals; of Christianity being the only religion which has established and recognized Universal Brotherhood! Look at the brotherly feeling shown by American Christians to the Red Indian and the Negro, whose *citizenship* is the farce of the age. Witness the love of the Anglo-Indians for the "mild Hindu", the Mussulman, and the Buddhist. See "how these Christians love each other" in their incessant law litigations, their libels against each other, the mutual hatred of the Churches and of the sects. Modern civilization and Christianity are oil and water—they will never mix. Nations among which the most horrible crimes are daily perpetrated; nations which rejoice in Tropmanns and Jack the Rippers, in fiends like Mrs. Reeves, the trader in baby slaughter—to the number of 300 victims as is believed—for the sake of filthy lucre; nations which not only permit but encourage a Monaco with its hosts of suicides, that patronize prize-fights, bull-fights, useless and cruel sport and even indiscriminate vivisection—such nations have no right to boast of their civilization. Nations furthermore which from political considerations, dare not put down slave-trade *once for all*, and out of revenue-greed, hesitate to abolish opium and whiskey trades, fattening on the untold misery and degradation of millions of human beings, have no right to call themselves either Christian or civilized. A civilization finally that leads only to the destruction of every noble, artistic feeling in man, can only deserve the epithet of barbarous. We, the modern-day Europeans, are Vandals as great, if not greater than Attila with his savage hordes.

Consummatum est. Such is the work of our modern Christian civilization and its direct effects. The destroyer of art, the Shylock, who, for every mite of gold it gives, demands and receives in return a pound of human flesh, in the heart-blood, in the physical and mental suffering of the masses, in the loss of everything true and lovable—can hardly pretend to deserve grateful or respectful

[9] To take one instance. A Reuter's telegram from America, where such accidents are almost of daily occurrence, gives the following details of a wrecked train: "One of the cars which was attached to a gravel train and which contained five Italian workmen, was thrown forward into the centre of the wreck, and the whole mass caught fire. Two of the men were killed outright and the remaining three were injured, pinioned in the wreckage. As the flames reached them their cries and groans were heartrending. Owing to the position of the car and the intense heat the rescuers were unable to reach them, and were compelled to watch them slowly burn to death. It is understood that all the victims leave families." [To the foregoing footnote by H.P.B., the editors of the QUARTERLY add that the total of deaths resulting from automobile accidents in America in 1935, exceeded the total of killed in the American army during the Great War.]

recognition. The unconsciously prophetic *fin de siècle*, in short, is the long ago foreseen *fin de cycle;* when, according to *Manjunâtha Sutra*, "Justice will have died, leaving as its successor blind Law, and as its Guru and guide—*Selfishness;* when wicked things and deeds will have to be regarded as meritorious, and holy actions as madness". Beliefs are dying out, divine life is mocked at; art and genius, truth and justice are daily sacrificed to the insatiable mammon of the age—money grubbing. The artificial replaces everywhere the real, the false substitutes the true. Not a sunny valley, not a shadowy grove left immaculate on the bosom of mother nature. And yet what marble fountain in fashionable square or city park, what bronze lions or tumble-down dolphins with upturned tails can compare with an old worm-eaten, moss-covered, weather-stained country well, or a rural windmill in a green meadow! What Arc de Triomphe can ever compare with the low arch of Grotto Azzurra at Capri, and what city park or Champs Elysées, rival Sorrento, "the wild garden of the world", the birth-place of Tasso? Ancient civilizations have never sacrificed Nature to speculation, but holding it as divine, have honoured her natural beauties by the erection of works of art, such as our modern electric civilization could never produce even in dream. The sublime grandeur, the mournful gloom and majesty of the ruined temples of Pæstum, that stand for ages like so many sentries over the sepulchre of the Past and the forlorn hope of the Future amid the mountain wilderness of Sorrento, have inspired more men of genius than the new civilization will ever produce. Give us the *banditti* who once infested these ruins, rather than the railroads that cut through the old Etruscan tombs; the first may take the purse and life of the few; the second are undermining the lives of the millions by poisoning with foul gases the sweet breath of the pure air. In ten years, by century the XXth, Southern France with its Nice and Cannes, and even Engadine, may hope to rival the London atmosphere with its fogs, thanks to the increase of population and changes of climate. We hear that Speculation is preparing a new iniquity against Nature: smoky, greasy, stench-breathing *funiculaires* (baby-railways) are being contemplated for some world-renowned mountains. They are preparing to creep like so many loathsome, fire-vomiting reptiles over the immaculate body of the Jungfrau, and a railway-tunnel is to pierce the heart of the snow-capped Virgin mountain, the glory of Europe. And why not? Has not national speculation pulled down the priceless remains of the grand Temple of Neptune at Rome, to build over its colossal corpse and sculptured pillars the present Custom House?

Are we so wrong then, in maintaining that modern civilization with its Spirit of Speculation is the very *Genius of Destruction;* and as such, what better words can be addressed to it than this definition of Burke:—

"A Spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors."

H.P.B.

Psycho-Analysis and Social Psychology, by William McDougall, F.R.S.; Methuen & Co. Ltd., London; price, *7s. 6d.*

Professor McDougall has undertaken a disagreeable but apparently necessary task. He has exposed the errors and futilities of psycho-analysis with "ruthless frankness". It is not Professor McDougall's fault that his book fills the reader's mind with disgust, if not with despair. In order to make his criticism effective, he has been obliged to quote freely from Freudian sources. It is a commentary upon the gullibility and the degeneracy of the so-called "high-brow" mind, that Freud's filthy musings should ever have been taken seriously by more than a few cranks, or that it should have seemed expedient for a scientist of Professor McDougall's rank to take serious notice of these productions of a diseased intellect.

It is a terrible fact, however, that Freud has directly or indirectly influenced the thoughts and lives of thousands of people. It is terrible, because, as has been said, Freud has probably done more to corrupt the human mind and to soil the image of every normal human relationship, than any other individual known to history. The Dark Powers who obstruct the true progress of humanity, could have chosen no instrument better fitted for their purpose. It is impossible to go into detail here to prove this point, nor indeed do we recommend anyone to think about these matters at all, unless it becomes a positive duty, which is fortunately apt to be a rare occurrence.

Our only quarrel with Professor McDougall is that he is not "ruthless" enough; that he still seems to imagine some sort of *entente* to be possible between psycho-analysts and respectable people like himself. As he points out, Freud may be given some credit for his emphasis upon the connection between abnormal psychic states and various neuroses, as well as for his exploration of the sub-conscious memories, complexes and inhibitions which determine so much of the average man's conscious behaviour. But after allowing full credit with interest, we return to the evidence that Freud has vitiated his discoveries—if they be discoveries—by one gross misinterpretation after another. He can be false to truth, to logic, and to nature, in more ways than would seem possible for a single mind.

The havoc wrought by what Professor McDougall calls the "pan-sexual doctrine", is obvious enough. But in yet another way Freud's teachings have

acted like poison upon the minds of his contemporaries. Professor McDougall quotes some remarks of a medical psychologist, Dr. W. H. Sheldon, on "the emergence of the waster mind to dominance in our civilization".

> The real enemies of character are not to be found among atheists or critics of religion or non-conformists, but they are lusty noise-loving expressionists, who believe in living for the moment, in having their fling, and who say, "Let's have no more long faces, no inhibitions, and no wet blankets at our party". They are the good livers, unchastened, unreverent souls. Popularly they have become associated with the term extravert, though it would be more meaningful to call them the feebly inhibited. They live at the surface of awareness and are dissociated from their own deeper consciousness. They have moved sharply away from the principle of reminiscent contemplation, and have gravitated far over toward the principle of extreme sensuality, thus dissociating the conscious focus from the deeper levels. They perforce seek over-stimulation, love city life, and have a profound terror of the inferiority complex. Their God is Expression, and their spiritual counsellors are the Freudian psycho-analysts. Flushed with the successful overthrow of Christian theology, they are resolved to smash away all that was ever associated with the spiritual, or religious, or reminiscent, or chastened mental outlook.

It is just to remark, however, that Freud is not the only psychologist who can be held responsible for the prevalence of the "waster mind". Practically without exception, all modern psychologists are in agreement as to one dogma, that the whole of the consciousness of civilized man can be explained by the study of savages and animals, and in no other way. The higher is interpreted in terms of the lower,—religion, for example, being regarded as a survival of *taboo* and totemism. Is it any wonder that the popular mind becomes confused, or that self-indulgence is justified in the "high-brow's" alleged intellect by some vague notion that at all costs he must free himself from primitive constraints?

There is no hope for psychology—quite apart from psycho-analysis—unless it discovers the existence and nature of the soul. Moreover, as the great religions and philosophies have always taught, the soul is not a product of animal evolution, but is, as it were, an entity of a higher order which incarnates in a physical body when this is ready to receive it. The function of the true psychologist is very noble, being indistinguishable from that of the true priest. It is, first, to find the soul within his own consciousness, his own real self; and then to aid other men to repeat in their own experience his revelation. After all, psychology is, by definition, the science of the *psuche*, that is, of the soul.

S.L.

India Mosaic, by Mark Channing; J. B. Lippincott Co., 1936; price, $2.75. This is a book that can be recommended highly to all students of Theosophy. It is first-class light reading. The author served in the Indian Army for several years, and at first adopted the customary attitude of good-natured disdain toward the Indian people and their religions. His experience, interesting throughout, he relates with humour, and with none of the coarseness which disfigures when it does not debase so many modern books of a similar kind.

His duties took him from as far south as Ceylon, to Peshawar and Srinagar in the extreme north. He was evidently a born soldier and first-class officer. Little by little his experience led him to seek the heart of India, instead of turning from its surface appearance with something approaching disgust; and he found what he sought, chiefly because he evidently had a heart to guide him in his search. Winning the trust, respect, and in many cases the warm affection of the natives, he found it easy to reciprocate. By no means blind to the darker side of Indian life—and it is appallingly dark—he became convinced that the good greatly outweighed the evil. Finally he met a *guru* of the better kind, who seems to have known him in some Hindu incarnation of the past, and who opened his eyes to many of the eternal verities; in other words, to the principles of Theosophy,—and, so far as can be determined from this book, to a genuine Theosophy. In any case, the *guru's* teaching did not turn him into a socialist, or into a follower of Gandhi, or into the type of fanatic who would turn the Western world from Christ to Hinduism. On the contrary, he declares that "there is nothing in the spiritual concept of the Hindu philosophy that runs counter to the teachings of Christ", while, as to the political situation, he says that "at present India is unfit to govern herself", and that "the problem of India is neither political nor social, but religious"—a profound truth which Indian "reformers" have proved themselves incapable of understanding.

Students of Theosophy can never forget the debt they owe to India through the labours of H.P.B. and Judge. It is a delight, therefore, to be reminded of India's better, nobler qualities, after having suffered for years from the "bawling monstrosity" (to use the author's term for it) represented as being India, by Indian politicians, by the radical press of England, and by the entire press of the United States. The harm that has been done to the honour and reputation of India by the self-styled patriots of the National Indian Congress, by Gandhi, Mrs. Annie Besant and others, is incalculable, but a book like this, which is in no way controversial, will help to off-set the effect of their propaganda. T.

The Problem of Poverty, A Plain Statement of Economic Fundamentals, by John Rustgard; D. Appleton-Century Co., N. Y.; price, $2.00.

A copy of this book was recently presented to one of our members by an official of the Publishing Company which handles it, with the remark that it would not sell because its economics was "too hard boiled" to suit the popular taste. This unpopular judgment seemed a promise of its real value, a promise which was thoroughly fulfilled by its perusal. In handing it to us for review, he assures us that it is the simplest and sanest economic treatise he has read.

The problem of poverty is the age-old problem of the masses, and since the democratic masses are at present asserting the power vested in them, and attempting to fit their economics to their desires, an honest study of economic fundamentals is of great interest and importance. John Rustgard sets forth here an interpretation, clarifying if not encouraging, of the present politico-

economic situation based upon statistics and the facts of his own wide experience. It is refreshing, after so much tenuous academic theorizing, to come upon a writer who says in effect: I have lived with lumbermen, fishermen, and coal miners, and I know that the vast majority of labourers behave like children in money matters; the problem of poverty is the problem of moral deficiency and irresponsibility.

Recognizing that law governs the universe, political and economic as well as physical, the author shows that obedience to law conduces to economic prosperity and political well-being, and that arbitrary legislation in any phase of economics, disrupts the equilibrium which nature tries to maintain and causes a maladjustment and an unfair distribution of the products of national wealth. For instance, if a disproportionately high wage is insisted upon by the building-trade unions, labourers in other fields of endeavour (at present the farmer) must suffer a corresponding decrease in income.

In attacking the "mirage of equality", Rustgard, following Herbert Spencer, sees the law of evolution as a movement from the simple to the complex, from a state of undifferentiation to one of intense specialization and division of labour. In accordance with this law, and supported by statistics, he shows that technological improvements have profited the labourer and not the capitalist, despite the prevalent and short-sighted Marxian teaching that the machine deprives men of work. Records show that the introduction of machinery has not only increased the demand for labour, but has consequently raised the labourer's wage while reducing the cost of living. In 1879, manufacturers could offer only 49,000 jobs per million people; in 1929, after fifty years of amazingly rapid mechanization, there were 73,000 jobs per million, a fact which indicates that the problem of poverty is not a problem of employment and distribution economics, but pertains to mental and moral inferiority.

Thrift is a virtue little known to the impecunious masses, yet the whole structure of a complex civilization rests upon the ability of a group of citizens to save. Capital may be defined as "that part of the products of labour which is saved and not consumed", and a nation is economically sound only when its capital is steadily, even though slowly, increasing. Fact after fact is brought forward to substantiate the conclusion that poverty is prevalent among the masses of people, not because they lack opportunity to outgrow their situation, but because they are morally and mentally unable to spend their very sufficient income wisely. The erroneous idea that the masses suffer because of insufficient remuneration leads to the taxation of property and capital. But if capital is thus reduced, its ability to employ labour to create new goods is likewise reduced, and the resulting shortage of goods causes high prices and social unrest. Likewise the present excessive taxation of property makes it impossible for citizens with moderate savings to hire the labour necessary to build lodgings which, even when built, are subjected to ruinous taxation.

Much as we may abhor the ideals of modern Germany, we must commend her intelligence in managing her finances. By reducing taxation on property, she has encouraged savings among the poorer classes who are thereby given

the opportunity to own their homes. Permanent improvements on property are not taxed—the whole effort is directed to an increase in national wealth, the only condition which brings about natural wage increases and sound prosperity.

This attempt to condense the work of Rustgard into a short summary may give the reader the idea that the book is technical and difficult. On the contrary, it strips away the camouflage and needless complexities of modern economic problems and reveals their true relation to principles of justice and fair dealing. We realize more completely than ever the pathetic moral bankruptcy of modern civilization. The problem of poverty is not a matter to be settled by legislation, sentimental philanthropy or any external panacea; it is basically the ancient problem of individual morality. Until the poverty-stricken learn to satisfy their needs before their desires, they cannot release themselves, and their would-be benefactors cannot unshackle them from the bonds of poverty. C.E.C.

What Has and Will Come to Pass, by the Reverend Walter Wynn; Rider & Company, London; price, 1s.

Pyramid students will find this book little more than a synopsis of the works of the Edgar brothers, of Grattan Guinness, Davidson and Aldersmith, etc. The Reverend Mr. Wynn is obviously an educated man, having an honest, enthusiastic faith in his subject, and as such will be able to stimulate many minds that are disposed to be attentive. His book, however, will not stand the test of critical scrutiny, even though it be friendly scrutiny. His earnest faith in his work would be a force to drive home his arguments and assertions, except for the unfortunate appearance he gives them of having originated with himself. While attributing the source of his material to Davidson and Aldersmith, he does not state with sufficient clearness that, with very few exceptions, his entire collection of chapters, dates and deductions, is copied from the works of his predecessors. He falls, too, into their common error of attributing altogether too much importance to the Jews, and of labouring hard to identify them with Biblical prophecies, as though such predictions (predictions couched in very general and ambiguous words) were not sound unless given a specific and religious application. Mr. Wynn fails to see in cyclic action the impersonal and general significances which are essential to even a superficial understanding of the subject.

It is thus in the suggestiveness of certain of Mr. Wynn's incidental comments, rather than in his treatment of his main theme, that the book may be of interest to those acquainted with the literature of the field. On page 70, he notes, for example, that in the possibility of Germany or Russia getting control of the eastern end of the Mediterranean is the threat of their gaining command of the world. We could wish the author had expanded this and driven it home to the British audience which he is directly addressing. There are those who believe (and with reason) that the last war was waged by Ger-

many for the primary purpose of getting control of the Dardanelles; and that it was a misfortune of the first magnitude that England failed there, since it leaves all the major issues still to be fought out. It can rarely be fair to blame an author for what he does not undertake to do, but had the Reverend Mr. Wynn not been content to leave his own thought undeveloped, while so facilely adopting the work and errors of others, he could, we believe, have made his book more valuable than it is, and given his readers a truer picture of the great realities to which the Pyramid points as symbol. If one takes a terrestrial globe (a map will not do, for it distorts the perspective), and, placing the point of a compass at Gîza, sweeps circles round it, one will see how the world's capitols and strongholds are related to the Pyramid, so that that ancient monument, in its silent, desert sands, unchanged through all the changing cycles, appears as the still centre of a whirlpool, surrounded by gyratory zones of violent turbulence. It symbolizes the comprehensive, silent, unaltering purpose of the Great Lodge, the central pivot of human history, around which swing our Western nations, unaware of the hidden rôle they fulfil as a matter of cyclic destiny. K.R.

By Light, Light: The Mystic Gospel of Hellenistic Judaism, by Erwin R. Goodenough, Professor of the History of Religion, Yale University; Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., 1935; price, $5.00.

The title of this excellent book is explained by a quotation from Philo Judæus: "They are on the road to Truth who apprehend God by means of Divinity, Light by its Light." Philo, who lived in Alexandria at the beginning of the Christian era, is not as well known as he deserves to be. In histories of philosophy, he is generally described merely as a devout Jew whose love of Greek learning led him to undertake the task of proving that Moses and Plato taught the same doctrines. Some scholars have compared his description of the Logos, or Word of God, with the first chapter of St. John's Gospel. In his study of "Paul the Disciple", Mr. Charles Johnston pointed out that the spirit of Gamaliel, at whose feet sat St. Paul, is "thoroughly in harmony with the spirit of Philo", and that, in his allegorical interpretation of the Torah, St. Paul "follows in Philo's footsteps, besides accepting the whole Platonic background of Philo's thought" (cf. THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, vol. XIII, pp. 243, *seq.*).

It is true that before his conversion, St. Paul was a Pharisee, whereas Philo seems to have belonged to the rival caste of the Sadducees. However, if Professor Goodenough's theory be accepted, the common elements in Philo, Paul and the Fourth Gospel might be partly explained by the existence of a Jewish Mystery to which both Pharisees and Sadducees were admitted. Among the Jews of the Diaspora, who were in daily contact with Gentile influences, a mystical religious life became prevalent, no counterpart of which can be found in the "normative" legalistic and rabbinical tradition of Palestine. Its affinities are with the secret orders of Greece, Egypt and Persia, with the Mysteries of Bacchus and Orpheus, of Isis and Osiris and Mithra. As Professor

Goodenough shows, it is quite certain that the Alexandrian Jews had their own organization of the Lesser and the Greater Mysteries, with occult rites and instructions and a hierarchy of initiates. Many, at least, of the details of this organization may have been deliberately copied from Pagan originals. It was not painful for the Jews to "borrow" such things from their neighbours, for whenever they found something praiseworthy in a Gentile environment, they had only to yield to their racial sense of self-satisfaction, to convince themselves that it must have been conceived in the first instance by a Jew. They could claim the Egyptian and Greek wisdom as their own, because they identified Moses with Hermes Trismegistus and with Musæus, the teacher of Orpheus.

Alexandria was the centre of the Jewish Mystery, and Philo was its most distinguished exponent. A student of Theosophy would suggest that Plato was a real Initiate, in a profounder and broader sense than Professor Goodenough's research indicates. It is possible that Hellenistic Jewish mysticism was only an adaptation of a very old tradition to changed conditions. In that event, Philo's Mystery resembles those of Hermes and Orpheus, not merely because he or his predecessors imitated them, but because he was, in some degree, familiar with the great common source of all forms of the Mysteries, the universal Wisdom-Religion. It is natural that he should have sought and found mystical truth in the scriptures of his own people. He was convinced that the Jewish Mystery had existed in pure form in the remote age of the Patriarchs. Above all, he exalted Moses, the Hierophant, the Sage-King, who had set forth and embodied the Torah, the Law of Divine Nature, the Logos, and had proved in his own person the possibility of transforming the mortal into the Immortal and of reuniting the individual with the universal Being.

It is of exceptional interest to students of Theosophy, that Philo seems to have believed in the continuing existence of the "Mystic Moses" as the guardian of those of his race who genuinely sought liberation and enlightenment. "I myself have been initiated by the God-beloved Moses into the Greater Mysteries", he wrote. There is this prayer to the supreme Hierophant:

> Oh, thou hierophant, though the eyes of our soul are closed because we do not desire to see, or cannot do so, still do thou uphold us and help us and not cease to anoint us until thou hast initiated us into the hidden meaning of the sacred words and revealed those locked beauties which are invisible to the uninitiated. This it is meet for thee to do.

In another passage, Philo numbers Moses and Abraham among the Saviours of humanity.

> Households, cities, countries, tribes, and regions of the earth have enjoyed great happiness when a single individual has taken heed of beauty and righteousness, and especially when God has given this individual, along with the good character, an irresistible power, to serve him as musical instruments or constructive tools serve a musician or craftsman, or as sticks of wood serve a fire. For in reality the just man is the foundation prop of the human race. And he brings everything he has into the common stock and gives it

without stint for the benefit of those who will use it: what he himself lacks, he asks from God who alone has unlimited wealth.

Professor Goodenough's reflections upon Philo's famous Logos Doctrine are of great interest and value. He believes—with good reason, we think—that some form of the Logos Doctrine was present as the nucleus of every Mystery in the ancient world. It was the enduring purpose of the initiate of every degree to "apprehend God by means of Divinity, Light by its Light". As one might say, the Unmanifested and the Incorporeal is known through the descending scale of its manifestations and embodiments. This theory of *emanation*, as it has been called, was widely disseminated in the Hellenistic world, even in exoteric circles, and it is quite probable that Philo consciously made use of the Gentile imagery in which it had been cast. It is instructive, for example, to compare his work with that of Plutarch and Apuleius, whose fundamental doctrines so often recall his, although they were addressing very different groups.

One of the most familiar facts about Philo is that to him God was the Absolute, a single and unique Being beyond even the Monad and the number One, as well as beyond the Good and all other categories. Yet, like the God of later Neo-Platonism, Philo's Deity had somehow to be brought into relation with the world. . . . The sun was taken as the figure, that orb which burns, to all appearances eternally, yet without need of fuel from outside itself. Independent of the world, a self-sufficient existence, it sends out its great stream of light and heat which makes life possible upon the earth. This stream may be called a stream of light, or of heat, or of life, or of creation. . . . It is not the sun, but it is the projection of the sun to us.

This Light-Stream from the Absolute or within the Absolute is the Logos, the "Light of Light". The image is, indeed, universal. It is repeated, in many forms, in the Hindu scriptures, and is to be seen, carved upon the monuments of ancient Mexico.

Two main types of formulation of the Stream had arisen, what may be called the Persian type of pleroma, and the Female Principle type. According to the Persian type, God is a solar source sending out rays. In the Pseudo-Aristotelian *De Mundo*, the satraps of the Great King are used as figures, for they projected out through the great realm of Persia the Royal Power which was invisibly concealed at its source in the capital. . . . This, the Hellenistic writer used as a myth of the Absolute God, sending out his [Potencies] to be the divine forces and representations in the material world. In oriental religions themselves there were families of deities, theogonies and . . . descending groups of deities. [Professor Goodenough mentions, by way of example, the six Amesha Spentas, the personified Potencies of the Persian Ahura Mazda]. . . . The highest of the lower deities is the mystic guide along the Way through the pleroma to the Greatest. . . .

Over against this general organization of the Light-Stream . . . stands the Female Principle type of formulation. . . . According to Plutarch, Osiris, the light god and the Logos, has a wife, Isis, through whom he produces Horus, the type of the projection of divine light into the lower realm. Horus would seem to be the Divine Stream as clothed in matter, the Cosmic Logos. Just what Isis typifies does not clearly appear. She is the "Female Principle in nature, the recipient of all coming into being". . . . Her longing for Osiris, her gathering his fragments together, is a symbol of the whole spirit of

mystic ascent, the desire to find the whole of God in place of fragments, and the intense longing for union.

Philo uses and blends both the Persian and the Egyptian-Greek representations of the Logos. Sometimes he describes the Patriarchs' progress toward union, as a series of self-transformations, whereby they become assimilated to one after another of the Potencies or Attributes of Divinity. Sometimes he symbolizes initiation as a mystic marriage with Wisdom, with the Divine Sophia, who like Isis is the lover and the beloved of God. The splendour of his conception is illustrated in such a passage as the following, defining the veritable function of the high-priest.

> For the cosmos is a temple in which the high-priest is the Protogonos, the Logos, . . . of which the one who offers up the ancestral prayers and sacrifices is a material imitation. He is commanded to put on the . . . tunic as a copy of the universal cosmos, that the world may worship together with man, and man with the universe.

S.V.L.

Clashing Tides of Colour, by Lothrop Stoddard; Charles Scribner's Sons New York, London, 1935; price, $3.00.

For four centuries before the Great War, says this author, the basis of world politics had been the ascendancy of the white race, attaining its climax in 1900 when "Western man stood the indisputable master of the planet". The Russo-Japanese war, in 1904, was a prodigious shock to Western prestige, though it left the West still strong enough to discourage rapid and violent changes. With the Great War, however, white supremacy was clearly foredoomed, the only question being whether the white man "would be strong enough to beat an orderly retreat". The rising tide, or the clashing tides of colour (he has written books under both titles), he views then, as a rising tide of chaos.

The book is a survey, admirable in many respects, of the outstanding problems in contemporary world affairs. Dealing with each of the great racial groups in turn, the author outlines its social and economic conditions, sketching just enough historical background to show its distinctive line of evolution and the origins of its basic racial traditions, ideals and culture. He then shows the effect of the introduction of Western civilization and the machine age. "We realize", he writes, "the profound transformations which the machine civilization has already brought to us Occidentals among whom it arose. So, when we ponder what it has already done to us, we may well ask what it will do to peoples of widely different blood and temperament on whom it is breaking suddenly without warning or preparation." "Western civilization has literally conquered the world. The world—*but not the man!*" The triumphs of our civilization have been triumphs over the forces of nature, and have transformed the outer material world, "but Man remains practically unchanged".

He shows Western industrialism—and less obviously but more insidiously, Western individualism—affecting ancient political, economic and social institutions, venerable traditions, age-old religions, with the result, as in Asia for instance, that "all is in profound ferment. This ferment arises not from within but from without. Its causes are external, foreign. The process is thus a dissolvent rather than an organic growth. Herein lies the full gravity of the situation. Acute though our Western crisis may be, it is less serious than that of Asia. For our problems are fundamentally those of adaptation to changes engendered by ourselves and possessing a logical connection with our past. The peoples of Asia, on the contrary, are suddenly compelled to rebuild from the ground up an edifice continuously shaken to its foundations by strange new forces. . . . If the West is threatened with disintegration, the East is menaced with downright dissolution."

A third of the book is devoted to the problems of the Western world, including Latin America and its Indian problem; the remainder to those of China, Japan, India, Islam and Africa,—four hundred concisely written pages. In a book of this character, it is a relief to find consistently carried through, a recognition of values above the material plane. "Can Man adapt himself to the machine?" the author asks. "No one will seriously deny that our mechanistic civilization logically implies an increasing degree of human co-operation; that *some* sort of world-order is needed if our civilization is to endure. Yet can it be a world-order which puts economic considerations ahead of everything else? At such a price may not men refuse even the boon of material prosperity?" "The necessity of making due allowance for non-material elements cannot be exaggerated, because it is just these which modern man is prone to ignore. Yet he does so at his peril, for he thereby remains unaware of the deeper realities of our time." Deploring the fact that attempts to bring about unity in Europe have appealed chiefly to sentiments of fear or material self-interest, he writes: "Economics usually has the last word. At any rate we never find it subordinated to cultural or spiritual values. Herriot typifies this attitude when, as already noted, he asserts: 'First give Europe a body, then give it a soul!' However, do not his own words prove why Herriot and his ilk have not succeeded? How can they expect to create anything truly constructive and enduring unless it possesses from the very first that vital spark which kindles lofty enthusiasms and engenders a burning idealism evoking self-sacrifice? Unless the soul be ever-present, you have either a corpse or a robot—a lifeless automaton."

Variety and breadth of view are obtained through frequent use of quotations from recent books or magazine articles written by specialists in their respective lines. Whatever the bias of the reader regarding controversial points, this book, with its long view of the past and its extensive panorama of the present, affords a good background into which to fit the kaleidoscopic changes of current events, —the fragmentary reports of which, in newspapers and magazines, are so often confusing and difficult to gauge in their true relationship and proportion.

J.C.

Wake Up and Live!, by Dorothea Brande; Simon and Schuster, New York, 1936; price, $1.75.

It is no doubt significant that this book should have aroused widespread and eager interest. Its remarkable popularity would lead one to think that many people nowadays are dissatisfied with the trend of their lives, and are looking for inspiration and light from any available source. Mrs. Brande does not cater to the laziness and cowardice so prevalent to-day, nor does she offer a formula for instant success. She outlines a course of self-discipline which will lead to a competent control of one's mental and emotional equipment, and fit one to succeed in any work which one may undertake. She gives practical advice as to how to make a dream come true, urging "do something every day towards your intention, however remote your goal may have to be". Again she writes: "We all live so far below the possible level for our lives that when we are set free from the things which hamper us, so that we merely approach the potentialities in ourselves, we seem to have been entirely transfigured."

The book is based on the author's own experience, and the introduction describes how her life was transformed two years ago by reading a sentence by F. W. H. Myers. It was then that she began to evolve the point of view and the method shown in her book. She has no sympathy with what she calls the alibis of our age. "We all know a little too much about Glands Regulating Personality, and the Havoc raised by Resistances, and so on. Never since the world began were there such good opportunities to be lazy with distinction. . . . Remarkable cures of resistances, however, have been observed in those who took solemnly our ancestors' outmoded synonym for the same thing: 'bone-laziness'. It is not quite so much fun, nor so flattering, to be foolishly lazy as it is to be the victim of a technical term, but many are crippled for knowing an impressive word who would have had no such trouble if they had lived in a simpler and less self-indulgent society."

Mrs. Brande has read widely, and draws on a variety of systems of thought for her ideas and illustrations. She quotes from Pico della Mirandola and Joubert, for example, in some very helpful paragraphs on the distinction between passive fancy and creative imagination. Readers of the QUARTERLY would probably disagree with her estimate of such men as Freud and Adler, but her conclusions on the whole seem sound and constructive. She is least convincing when trying to find a basis in modern psychology for the impulse which she calls the Will to Fail, as opposed to the well-known Will to Live and Will to Power of the German school. She is at her best when outlining practical methods of discipline, and it is these which might be of interest and value to those seeking a higher life. She allows no excuses, no weakening; and a person whole-heartedly following the methods she outlines could hardly fail to increase greatly his effectiveness and capacity.

It is deeply to be regretted that the writer of such a stimulating book, who is endowed with considerable insight, and shows so much enthusiasm for a life of discipline, and energy in pursuing it, should have no better goal to offer than to "dance, study calculus or Greek, become better-looking, or hear more

music", or even "travelling, modelling, writing, farming". Her method of achieving success in these worldly fields, which at best would only gratify the personality, if applied with vigour and persistence for purposes of the soul, should help us to become more useful instruments of the Cause the QUARTERLY represents, and which we all long to serve in any way we can.

H.M.

My Country and My People, by Lin Yutang, published by John Day in association with Reynal and Hitchcock, New York, 1935; price, $3.00.

Dr. Lin Yutang was educated in Christian Mission schools and took degrees at Harvard and Leipsic. He says that he is no longer a Christian but a Pagan. Perhaps he means by this that he has returned to the philosophy of his ancestors. His book is hailed by many critics as "the best book on China". It is, certainly, full of information, thought and wit. It not only throws light on China and the Chinese, but also, by contrast, upon the civilization of the West.

In his first chapter on "The Chinese People", Dr. Lin Yutang gives a table of the cycles of Chinese history, which should interest students of Theosophy. He says:

> For the striking fact is that Chinese history can be conveniently divided into cycles of eight hundred years. Each cycle begins with a short-lived and militarily strong dynasty, which unified China after centuries of internal strife. Then followed four or five hundred years of peace, with one change of dynasty, succeeded by successive waves of wars, resulting soon in the removal of the capital from the North to the South. Then came secession and rivalry between North and South with increasing intensity, followed by subjugation under a foreign rule, which ended the cycle. History then repeats itself and with the unification of China again under Chinese rule, there is a new bloom of culture.

The fourth of these cycles is now, after six hundred years, at the point where the capital has been removed from the North to the South, from Peking to Nanking, and it would seem as though the period of foreign invasion were at hand. Dr. Lin Yutang says: "The parallelism of events within each cycle unfolded itself with an unreasonable mechanical exactness as to time and sequence." It appears that a great engineering feat is repeated "with fatal regularity and at the exact stage in each cycle". It would be interesting to compare these periods with those given for the West by Flinders Petrie in his fascinating little book, *The Revolutions of Civilization*.

In his second chapter, Dr. Lin Yutang discusses the Chinese character. "Character", he says, "is a typically English word. Apart from the English, few nations have laid such stress on character in their ideal of education and manhood as the Chinese. The Chinese seem to be so pre-occupied with it that in their whole philosophy they have not been able to think of anything else." He lists fifteen traits of character as most typical of the race: sanity, simplicity, love of nature, patience, indifference, old roguery, fecundity, industry, frugality, love of family life, pacifism, contentment, humour, conservatism and sensuality. He points out that some of these characteristics are vices rather

than virtues, the weakness as well as the strength of the nation. "Old roguery" he especially enlarges upon with a charming wit. It is the peculiar quality of mellow disillusionment and common-sense, gained by a long experience of life. Cranmer-Byng, in his book, *The Vision of Asia*, draws an interesting comparison between the Greek love of youth and horror of old age and decay, and the Chinese veneration for age and experience, so exquisitely illustrated in the painting by Sesshu of the God of Longevity, Jurojin, an old man with long white hair and beard, standing with his pet deer under a flowering tree.

The Chinese are an essentially rural people, and have always remained attached to the soil and to nature. This is one of the secrets of their persistence as a race, and the cause of the particular form of many of their qualities. Dr. Lin Yutang says: "The Chinese ideal of happiness was, then, not 'the exercise of one's powers along lines of their excellence', as was that of the Greeks, but the enjoyment of this simple rural life together with the harmony of social relationships." Another reason for the renewal of the race has been the possibility for men to rise from any class of society into the highest official positions through the system of examinations. This was what Napoleon endeavoured to establish in France: *la carrière ouverte aux talents;* "all careers open to talent".

Dr. Lin Yutang's remarks on Taoism and Buddhism must seem to the student of Theosophy so lacking in mystical understanding as to be pathetic. What a pity that so brilliant a person should have perceived so little of their inner meaning! He was educated as a Christian and should return to his own racial traditions with an extended comprehension. Perhaps the brand of Christianity inculcated by missionaries and Western universities is profoundly materialistic and shuts the mind to the intuition of spiritual consciousness. Dr. Hu Shih, the much lauded "Father of the Chinese Renaissance", describes Lao Tze as an "old bum" and an anarchist. Fortunately, we are told that as Chinamen grow older they lose their veneration for Western smartness and revert to the racial ideals. They do not grow old fast enough.

In his *Epilogue*, Dr. Lin Yutang wonders what can save China from the frightful anarchy of to-day. He seems to think that Justice is what is most needed, impartial Justice for all classes of men. Just how this reign of Justice is to be achieved is mysterious. He says: "That time will come, but it requires a change of ideology; the family-minded Chinese must be changed into the social-minded Chinese, and the pet ideas, age-old, of 'face', favour and privilege and official success, and robbing the Nation to glorify the family, must be overthrown." Alas! Is this the only result of so much cerebration?

"When the Great Tao ceased to be observed, benevolence and righteousness came into vogue. Then appeared wisdom and shrewdness, and there ensued great hypocrisy." We may well add that when individual virtue ceased to be popular, social-mindedness became fashionable. Meditation upon the inner meaning of the sayings of those agents of the Great Lodge, Lao-Tze, Confucius, Bodhidharma, who gave to China its Way of Salvation, and putting an understanding of them into action in the individual life, will alone save China.

The Tao in its regular course does nothing for the sake of doing it, and so there is nothing which it does not. If princes and kings were able to maintain it, all things would of themselves be transformed by them.

If this transformation became to me an object of desire, I would express the desire by the Nameless Simplicity.

ST.C. LAD.

Ancient Irish Tales, edited by Tom Peete Cross and Clark Harris Slover; Henry Holt and Company, New York, 1936; price, $3.75.

The purpose of this volume, as stated by the editors, is to present in intelligible modern English a representative collection of ancient Irish sagas and romances at present not accessible in translation, except in little-known technical periodicals or in books now rare or long since out of print. In the early centuries, "so powerful was the influence of the Latin tongue that, in the West, only nations outside the Roman Empire succeeded in preserving any early records in their native speech. Of the western peoples beyond the immediate sway of Rome, few learned the art of writing early enough to record for posterity any native pagan traditions in the vernacular. Chief among these were the Irish, the Anglo-Saxons, and the Icelanders. Of the three, the Irish were the first to receive letters and to develop a national literature, and it is perhaps ultimately to Irish influence that we owe the oldest written records in Anglo-Saxon and in Icelandic." Some of the material here used was handed down by word of mouth from long before the Christian era,—from a time when a people "of the Greeks of Scythia", "a-rowing the Caspian Sea", and wandering till they reached the great Northern Ocean, invaded and took possession of Ireland, followed later by other invading tribes. The tales immortalize the deeds of the heroes of a fiercely warlike people, with a background of amazon-sorcerers, of druids with their magic, white and black, and of fairy people who, some modern commentators conclude, were earth gods. It is probable that many of the extraordinary feats attributed to an individual were actually the achievements of a tribe; probable too, that in the very early periods highly developed occult powers were by no means uncommon (Atlantean origins and connections seem almost certain). In the re-telling by generation after generation, the tales have become embroidered and magnified and exaggerated until no invention seems too fabulous to meet with acceptance. It may be remembered that some of this same material was translated, thirty or more years ago, by Lady Gregory, who, instead of modern literary English, used the current Irish idiom as being nearer to the spirit of the original. Whether on the latter score, or because of her method of expurgating, or for the beauty of her selections,—of the two versions, hers would possess, for some readers, the greater charm.

Three great cycles are included in the present book, the earliest or Mythological, the Ulster and the Ossianic cycles, with a dozen or so additional tales for good measure. The first group is refreshing, those from late centuries somewhat wearisome, while perhaps the most invigorating is the middle group

or Ulster cycle, centring about the deeds of the youthful hero Cu Chulain, comeliest of the men of Erin, outdistancing all others in his swift chariot, versed in the arts of druidry, prudent in battle till the warrior flame was upon him, the unconquerable champion of his people. The code of a champion of those days, as indicated in the successive incidents, is an absorbing study,—the standard of honour, loyalty, friendship, valour. There is the unusual story of sworn friends, through trickery compelled to fight one another to the death as a matter of honour—fighting from dawn to dusk, then exchanging the kiss of friendship; retiring for the night to opposite banks of a stream, each sending his servant, one with food, the other with healing herbs to ease his opponent's need, then up at daybreak and on with the fight with renewed ferocity; this for three days, until one lay dead and the other was free to give himself to heartfelt grief. Those were days when fighting was an art, a test of the true worth of the individual, and the valleys rang with the clash of shields and the battle-shout of the victor. The warrior spirit is a splendid feature of the stories: the unflagging will to achieve, the determination that regards nothing as impossible, brooks no obstacle, recognizes no defeat. Cu Chulain's short life was, of course, the epitome of it and his death a fitting climax. Cu Chulain the invincible, overwhelmed at last by appalling odds, and dying of wounds from which any ordinary mortal would have been helpless and senseless, gathered himself together (in the most literal sense); he "went to a pillar-stone which is in the plain, and he put his breast-girdle round it that he might not die seated nor lying down, but that he might die standing up. Then came the men all around him [his foes], but they durst not go to him, for they thought he was alive."

Because of their highly imaginative quality and their spirit of martial valour, the stories would serve admirably for growing boys and girls; it is the more regrettable, then, that they cannot be recommended for such use without expurgation.

X.Y.Z.

St. Jerome; The early years, by Paul Monceaux; translated by F. J. Sheed; Sheed & Ward, New York; price, $2.00.

To many of us, St. Jerome is perhaps best known because of the almost endless pictures which Renaissance Italy has painted of him; we are as familiar with his lion as we are with the famous wolf of Gubbio—probably more so, for Brother Wolf was only one of the many other animals who fell victim to the irresistible charms of St. Francis, while the lion of St. Jerome has no rivals in his faithful companionship. But St. Jerome was far more than a desert recluse—the rôle in which most laymen imagine him; and although his life is little known to the general reader, "among the Fathers of the Church there is no more original writer, none more individual, vivid, witty. . . . He is a born writer; fresh, sparkling with verve and malice, with bursts of satire and flashes of genius . . . . a furious controversialist, a pamphleteer at need", in fact a most brilliant and versatile saint!

Particularly since the seventeenth century, however, there has been much confusion concerning the various periods of his life, his longevity, and the actual chronology of events, so that "the whole study of St. Jerome had to begin again at the beginning". The saint has thrown the scholar into the shade, and the object of this small book is to give a more accurate account of his early years than has hitherto been available in popular form. Fortunately St. Jerome liked very much to talk about himself, to tell the many and various experiences which befell him, and being an enthusiastic writer of letters, what he says in them is naturally the source of most of our information. We are taken from his childhood at Stridon, through his school days and the completion of his studies in Rome, and then we follow his wanderings, we share his temptations (to which, as he frankly admits, he all too often yielded), and we go with him into the desert where he sought solitude and peace, and where he found neither. We are not taken beyond the first thirty years of his life, when he left the desert and went back to the world, and it is, of course, the study of his character which interests us chiefly—his unflagging energy, his splendid tenacity of purpose, his fiery determination to follow and serve that which he loved, for these are all necessary steps toward discipleship. His very defects helped to keep him vibrant and keen: "he was stormy and sensitive, quick to anger, resentful, capable even of terrible bursts of violence"; but with all this he was "a mighty warrior with the soul of an apostle, an unwearied student, a fresh and original writer; such was Jerome at thirty, when he turned his back on the monks of the desert, to re-enter the world and face the unknown future."

This book was first published in two articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It has been well translated and will be valuable both to serious students and to the more casual reader.

T.D.

The Last of the Empresses, and the passing from the Old China to the New, by Daniele Varè; John Murray, London, 1936; price, 15*s*.

The Dowager Empress Tzu-Hsi (the "old Buddha", as she was sometimes addressed) was the last of the great Asiatic rulers, and it is in this sense that the author speaks of her as the last of the Empresses. We recommend the book because the author is fair-minded. His account of the Boxer outbreak and of the siege of the Legations, is particularly interesting.

The old Empress had standards very different from ours, but which, in some respects, were superior to those of her American-educated Chinese detractors, who are "neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red-herring". Further, she held China together, which is more than they have done or ever will do. This book shows with what amazing courage and ability she did it.

F.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 400.—*Does every soul come into incarnation with an innate sense of right and wrong?*

ANSWER.—The extent of this innate sense must depend upon past incarnations. What happened then? This life is a continuation. We take things up where we left off. If, in past lives, we have deliberately dulled our perception of right and wrong through self-indulgence and self-will, we shall have the same dullness of perception now. If, in the past, we have been on the side of the angels; have fought in all ways, inner and outer, for vision and understanding and wisdom and growth; have attained to some degree of perception,—we must be profiting by it now. C.R.A.

ANSWER.—It is said in *The Mahatma Letters* that the highest Planetary Spirits appear on earth only at the origin of every new human kind, in order to impress the eternal truths so forcibly upon the mind of the new races that they will not be lost or entirely forgotten in ages thereafter. "The mission of the Planetary Spirit is but to strike the *Keynote of Truth*. The vibrations of the Primitive Truth are what your philosophers call 'innate ideas'."

How many souls have responded to the eternal truths impressed upon the race? So few, probably, that the majority come into incarnation in darkness, although they may later learn to see the light. When a soul has "brought over" from a past incarnation the ability to distinguish between right and wrong, he has earned it by past obedience to the light he had then seen. The knowledge remains latent unless, by renewing the effort of the previous incarnation, the sense of right and wrong previously possessed is regained; but, if the effort is not made, that knowledge would be deadened, and persistent refusal to obey the light would result eventually in losing it altogether. G.H.M.

QUESTION NO. 401.—*If every individual was meant to "walk with the Gods"—that is to say, if every individual has the innate capacity for regeneration—can he not be certain that his annihilation will never be?*

ANSWER.—Not unless he does something about it, and the longer he puts this off, the more likely it is that regeneration will never take place. There is nothing positive, in itself, in this innate capacity. Until a man is converted, "turned about"; until he sets his face to comply with Universal Law; until he comes to some understanding of himself and of his lower nature, and aligns his will with that Law in an effort to change himself and his life, it profiteth him nothing. The longer he puts off doing these things, the more difficult is his task. C.R.A.

ANSWER.—The doctrine of annihilation, or the death of the soul, is a difficult one for Western man to comprehend. On the material plane he can understand that, because of improper acts and associations, he may be cut off from what, otherwise, would be his rightful heritage. This is within his experience, if not directly, at least indirectly. On the spiritual plane he

does not function as clearly. He has but slight, if any, knowledge of reincarnation. Also, the priests and clergy have vitiated the teaching of the Master Christ in their efforts to appeal to the materially active, but spiritually lazy, man of the West. He is made to think that immortality is his, regardless of his omissions and commissions; yet, on the material plane, he knows that success is *conditioned:* that to have and to hold, he must earn and conserve. The sages of old held that immortality is *conditioned:* that, while man was *meant* to "walk with the Gods", he must prove himself worthy of, and keep himself fit for, their company, or forego their companionship. One way of speaking more directly to the point, is in terms of the seven principles. Theosophical philosophy, which is based on the truths held and lived by the sages of old, shows man as a creature of seven principles, three of which are, to use English words: at one pole, Divine Will, pure and eternal; at the other pole, its perversion, Personal Desire, selfish and transitory; and, oscillating between the two, Mind or Self-consciousness,—man's sense of *I am I.* Briefly, he is immortal if his mind, or self-identity, gravitates upward towards Divine Will, finally becoming conjoined with it; he is mortal if his mind gravitates downward towards Personal Desire, finally merging with it. If, over a series of incarnations, he persists in identifying himself with the selfish and transitory, to the exclusion of the pure and eternal element within him, he is severed from the latter, somewhat as, on the material plane, he would be disinherited for years of misconduct. Thus, the personality, or soul—the sense of *I am I*—goes its way with the selfish and transitory Personal Desire, finally dying ignominiously with, and as, it. The Real, or Higher, Ego does not die. It continues, and, eventually, attaches to itself another personality, or soul, in the hope that this soul will properly prize and use the divine force coming to it through the Higher Mind, or Soul. G.M.W.K.

ANSWER.—Man's destiny is to become divine; that is the object of evolution. The Lodge is constantly striving to arouse man to a realization of his divine potentialities and to take the steps necessary to claim his inheritance. But, regardless of whatever "innate capacity" he may have or have had in the past, his progress will depend upon whether he strives consciously to identify himself with the divine part of his nature. If he persists in refusal to do so, and identifies himself with his lower nature, he will gradually lose his divine heritage, and the personality eventually will be annihilated. In *The Mahatma Letters* reference is made to matter which is found to be entirely divorced from spirit, being thrown over into the still lower worlds; the perishing by the million of the laggard Egos; the solemn moment of the "survival of the fittest"; the annihilation of those unfit. Therefore, no man "can be certain that his annihilation will never be". G.H.M.

ANSWER.—An engine may be "meant" or "destined" to produce steam, but it can do so only if supplied with *fire* and *water.* The engine that is not used will finally rust, disintegrate, and be reduced to its original elements. It should not be necessary to interpret this in terms of direct reply to the question. H.

NOTICE

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society will be held throughout the winter and spring at 64, Washington Mews (between Washington Square and East Eighth Street), on alternate Saturday evenings, beginning at half-past eight and closing at ten o'clock. Branch members will receive a printed announcement giving the dates. The same announcement will also be mailed to non-members who send their names to the Secretary T.S., P. O. Box 64, Station O, New York. Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York, and visitors who may be nterested in Theosophy are always welcome.

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